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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

ASTRONOMY.

When we lift our thoughts to contemplate the starry heavens, a pleasing wonder starts insensibly on our minds. There we behold the stately footsteps of al'-mighty power,—there we see ten thousand radiant marks of divine wisdom. The deep tinges of the etherial vault, its indiscribable transparency, its ineffable softness, its beauty, its boundless expanse, the bright sparkling of the stars, the glorious and immense profusion of the heavenly bodies, are too sublime for our conception. The boldest wing of imagination tires on the ethereal journey and returns wearied without having reached those resplendent regions of light.

Very justly is astronomy called the queen of the Sciences. And Urania, the amiable muse, who presides over Astronomy, is one of the most engaging of all the allegorical characters drawn in the Greek mythology. Urania they supposed ensphered in light in those ethereal mansions, and riding in a chariot of starbeams from one part of the universe, to those mortals who were exploring the starry regions.

The discoveries astronomers have made are truly subjects of admiration. The immense globe on which we live, has moved uniformly ever since creation, at the rate of 18 miles in a second, which is more than a thousand miles in a minute, which is 576,000 000 miles in a year.—Of course, since the creation it has moved about four millions of millions of miles. A distance as far beyond the strongest conception of the mind as infinity itself; and yet this immense distance is but one eighth of the distance of the nearest fixed stars; which is 32 millions of millions of miles—a distance so great that a cannon ball, plying at its usual rate would be nearly a million of years in reaching it.

The sun, together with the planets revolving around her, seems to excite the idea of a family of kindred worlds.—Their greatness, their distance, their beauty, the harmony of their motions, are objects vastly sublime. Yet all the solar system when compared with the constellations of fixed stars, are no more than a drop of water compared with the ocean. We judge of every thing by comparison. Nothing is absolutely great or small that we can comprehend.

The planet Mercury is very near the sun. According to the temperament of the earth, it must be hot. While Herschal, the planet last discovered, by reason of its immense distance must be extremely cold. But Venus, the morning and evening star, being but a little nearer the sun than we are, must be of a delightful temperature.

I often gaze with pleasing wonder on this beautiful planet. It is larger than our earth. It must have a greater portion of light. It is placed in a mild region of the system and is probably the seat of bliss.

A few evenings ago I walked out alone to enjoy an hour of pensive silence and sweet solitude. I came to the summit of a hill where the opening prospects of the whole horizon and the surrounding country, at once struck my roving eye and still more excursive fancy. I seemed arrested in my course. Such a combination of glorious and sublime impression filled me with stillness. I sat down on a grassy bank, and looking westward, saw the evening star at her greatest elongation. The fading beams of the sun were just leaving the sky, and a faint blush marked the spot where the radiant source of day had gone to rest.

The charms of the prospect were quite overpowering, and a sweet delirium made me forget mortal cares. I looked with attention on the evening star, and said, or seemed to say, 'Thrice glorious planet, thou art doubtless a world of light, inhabited by noble creatures. There, are the seats of bliss, of bright intelligence, immaculate virtue and superlative beauty. Thou art one universal Paradise, and these immortal inhabitants have never lost their pristine purity and perfection; their joys are perennial, unclouded and everlasting. There is life without evil and happiness without alloy. The people in sweet societies dwell in the bosom of plenty, they are seated on the banks of celestial stream, and their peace is like the rolling waves of the sea.

I thus indulged the sweets of contemplation, till all external things disappeared and I was delightfully with new scenes of bliss. The star on which I was poring with steadfast gaze, expanded into a mighty world before me. I drew near it and beheld it covered with verdure; it seemed to smile in all the highest and most blooming perfections of eternal spring.

Tell me, said I, to a fair creature whom I met, tell me what world is this, and what race of creatures dwell here? A voice answered me in most charming accents, and said,—'You now behold one of the fair mansions of the blessed. The souls of those who die in infancy, and who never sinned against light, are first removed to these delightful abodes. Here they remain till their number is completed, which will be after the revolutions of years. Here their new formed faculties receive strength, beauty and perfection—here they learn their origin and are taught the glorious plan of grace. Here they dwell clothed with perfect ethereal bodies which can never die and are unsusceptible of pain.

I looked abroad and beheld them dispersed in choirs thro' numberless pleasant groves, and by fountains of living water. Guardian angels attended them, and who as swift as flames to supply every want—to direct every passion,—to regulate every desire, and to adorn them with unspeakable beauty.

They were spread far and wide over extensive regions of light, and resembled the glittering dew drops of morning, or the sparkling stars. But, their numbers cannot be told—their beauty cannot be conceived—their happiness cannot be expressed—their glories cannot be described.

Pious and happy mothers when released from the body, whilst on their way to the full assembly of superior beings, are permitted to visit the morning star, and once more embrace their dear children. But each now, with faculties purged from dross, and affection enlarged, joyfully separate for a while. They forget the tears and troubles of life and the agonies of death; they rest a season in those happy realms, forever free from trouble, till that august morning shines forth, when returning to their bodies, now all youthful, immortal and divine, they pass to higher and brighter orbs of light. They rise through a series of eternal splendors—they transcend every given power of perfection and bliss and by an increasing union with Deity assimilate to his likeness for evermore.—*Providence Cour.*

Printing and the Arts.—One cannot but reflect on the grand revolution which took place when language, till then limited to its proper organ, had its representation in the work of the hand. Now that a man of mean estate can have a library of more intrinsic value than that of Cicero, when the sentiments of past ages are as familiar as those of the present, and the knowledge of different empires is transmitted and common to all, we cannot expect to have our sages followed, as of old, by their five thousand scholars. Nations will not now record their acts by building pyramids, nor consecrate temples and raise statues, once the only means of perpetuating great deeds or extraordinary virtue. It is in vain that our artists complain that patronage is withheld; for the ingenuity of the hand has at length subdued the arts of design—printing has made all other records barbarous, and great men build for themselves a 'living monument.'—*Bell on the hand.*

[Extracts from a Clergyman's Dairy.]

THE HUSBAND.

I think it is rarely considered how much the happiness of every family depends on a right understanding and faithful performance of the duties of the husband. We often impose, not perhaps too much, but an undue share of responsibility on the weaker sex. If every thing is not in perfect order and harmony at home, the wife is supposed to be in the fault. If all the external exhibitions of all the members of the family are not right, it is immediately inferred that the lady has been negligent. If they do not live within their means, it must be that she is extravagant. If bankruptcy ensues, it is sometimes too captiously imputed to the want of domestic economy.

Most of these evils, where they exist, are, it is true, too often either referrable to her defaults, or are so subject to her control, that she may not be considered entirely faultless in regard to them. Yet how can even the best economy, industry, carefulness, and energy at home, compensate for the wholesale wasting of some reckless men? What devotion, fidelity, and amiable dispositions, there exercised, can neutralize the raging passions, jealousy and selfishness, which hold their dominion in the hearts of the licentious and profligate? What prudence in a wife can supply the waste caused by an intemperate husband? What spirit of conciliation can keep the peace where reason is dethroned, and all the tender sympathies of our nature are intoxicated and extinguished? There may exist in the family evils of such a nature and extent that a presiding angel cannot cure. Omnipotence alone can interpose to restore reason to the maniac, life to the dead, or holy affections to an impenitent sinner practised in guilt. Although an assiduous wife may do much to modify the ill tempers of a bad husband, there are some evils which lie beyond such control. We are so much and strongly influenced by one another too, that the habits and feelings of each are greatly modified by the other. And constituted as we are, unless there are native traits of peculiar firmness to resist encroachments, the least worthy will almost certainly prevail, and obtain control. With the confiding disposition and habits of obedience naturally exercised by the weaker sex, she may be the first to yield. A good husband—how honored and honorable the term! Yet how rare! There are very few, it is to be feared, who come up to the gospel rule in all the offices of love, fidelity and personal attentions, which the responsibilities of this relation involve.

Instructive lessons are furnished in the opposite histories of two families, which share my deep sympathies by a very tender relation. A ——— has a wife irritable, proud and naturally violent. Yet he lives in domestic harmony and there dwells happiness. True her natural temper may be said to be under the restrictions of religious principle. But the considerate husband brings that principle to his aid, and does not, like a reckless tyrant, strike rudely upon the strings, which, though well attuned, are yet tenderly arranged and extremely susceptible.

B ———, on the other hand, has a wife naturally amiable and domestic. Yet he fails of domestic happiness by a fault entirely his own. He makes no allowance for her, and demands a subservient attendance on caprices, which, if not wanton, yet they are unreasonable. Uneasiness, vexation, and dissatisfaction ensue—and now with a family of children subject to their constant influence, there is very apparent to all a great want of mutual confidence and harmony of action. Family government, of course, has been to a great extent abandoned, and while they still live together, and seek to appear publicly reconciled, mutual distrust has poisoned the cup of their domestic happiness, and alienated, I fear permanently, the sincere affections which they probably plighted at the nuptial altar.

Why this difference? The cause is obvious. It lies principally in the conduct of the husband. B——— has lived out of his family, and though not perhaps disposed originally to do injustice to his wife, he has failed to cherish her, and make her the partner of his counsels. Her trials have not secured his sympathy, and have, therefore oppressed her with their undivided power. He has, moreover, exacted too much from her, and in his disappointment upbraided her imagined neglect, and wounded, if not broken, her spirit.

A ——— has always been careful to provide for the wants of his family. This he regarded as his first duty. Having engaged to cherish and support his wife, he is ever assiduous to relieve her from embarrasment. In his zeal to get rich, he does not, like too many, forget nor neglect the wants in detail of his family. He goes out from his fireside as the centre of the world to him, and returns to it before he can rest. To defend, rear, educate, and render his family happy, is the first earthly duty recognized by him in his dairy of 'things not to be omitted.' Then he is careful and assiduous also in offices of personal attention to his wife. He does not permit the familiar terms on which they live to supersede the ceremonies of an exact politeness. His familiarity is always mingled with personal respect. His attentions are uniformly rendered. The same regard and preference which separate him from others to ask her hand, appropriates him to her through life. She is never left to suffer the pang of suspicion by any wanton act practised on her sensibilities. If anxiety settles on her brow, he too is anxious until it is removed; he has no malignity of heart, which will allow him to sport with those sensibilities, or lacerate them. He inspires her confidence by his own generous and unwavering confidence extended to her, and by avoiding whatever can give her pain. In family government, whether in the discipline of servants or children, she receives his cordial support. If, in his opinion, she has erred in this important department of duty, he does not upbraid her before her family, and thereby weaken her authority, but advises her in private, that the evil may be prevented rather than aggravated. He is ever ready to give a liberal construction to her conduct, and thereby prepare her to extend a generous and confiding interpretation to his. It may be said of them indeed as of Eden's happy pair,—

'Thus feeling, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower—there arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole—happy in their mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all their bliss.'

Mother's Magazine.

Maxims of Bishop Middleton.—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work on hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse; attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and in all your transactions, *remember the final account.*

(From the Portsmouth Journal.)

THOUGHTS ON PEACE.

'Another lesson has been given to the Malay pirates,' says the Journal of Commerce. Two towns in Sumatra have been destroyed by American ships of war. 'Signal vengeance' has been taken for their '*supposed*' connection with the piracy committed in their water on the merchant ship Eclipse. 'There is no other way to deal with these savages than to make it for their interest to restrain their cupidity.'

What lesson has been given to these savages? Have we offered some new motive for them to confide in the Americans; some new reason for love on their part; some new argument for them to be merciful when others are in their power? It has not been, surely, a lesson of the kindness and the forbearance of the Christian. The shotted gun did not proclaim peace on earth and good will to man. These pirates saw not in the volume of smoke which encircled the 'angry ship' a vision of Him, who would not call down fire from Heaven to destroy his enemies, nor could they hear amid the storm of destruction which swept over them, a still small voice proclaiming, we are indeed brethren, children of one God.

What lesson was given to these savages? A lesson of retaliation,—eye for eye, tooth for tooth. To such lesson they turn a ready attention, for there is that in their own hearts which enforces it. You have now deeply imprinted upon their memories, that it is right to revenge themselves,—that blood requires blood; that destruction demands destruction. As long as the scathed cocoanut tree rears its barren top,—as long as the shot furrow remains upon the ground,—aye, as long as there is one trace left in their memory, so long will the lesson prompt them to revenge.

But will not the lesson teach them to restrain their cupidity? No.—The former destruction of Qualla Battoo, with the murder of *men, women and children*, had not this effect, and more signal vengeance was then taken. The fear of consequences will not restrain them from being pirates and murderers. They, who know human nature, cannot pretend that it will. These United States were upon the brink of a war for a strip of wild land—and the people, knowing the consequences, were prepared to sacrifice the national wealth and individual prosperity, and thousands of lives, because public sentiment seemed to demand it. In every nation of Christians, an immense army can be enlisted, and does the soldier fear that he may be killed? No—ten dollars a month is sufficient for the risk of life. Shall these savages then withhold their arm when public sentiment with them demands revenge? Shall they forbear to pay back destruction for destruction from the fear of the loss of a few lives or the burning of their bamboo huts? Experience all over the world among the Indian and the civilized tells us, that *the fear of consequences never restrained a body of men, when hatred, revenge, or glory bade them to fight.* Dangerous as was the trade formerly, we fear still more for all who shall for the future have intercourse with these exasperated savages.

What lesson have we taught these savages? That it is not wrong for them to destroy for dollars, for we pour over them a wide spread desolation for the gain of the pepper trade! They attacked the Eclipse for an immediate profit, we fire their towns for the sake of future profit from their commerce. We have taught them that aggression on others is not wrong in the defensive—we leave them to judge what constitutes the defensive. They may allege that all the murders have been committed on their soil, on their coast. They may say, we have never passed over to molest these strangers: two broad oceans roll between us—we have not passed over them to crimson their waters, to destroy their homes!

What lesson have we taught these savages? The same lesson which has ever been taught to the Indians—that which we have taught and continue to teach our Indians—taught by a war of extermination, commencing at the settlement of the country and continuing to this very day; the same which was taught to the South Americans by the Spaniards; the same that has been taught the Africans, three millions of whom are now in chains in our very midst; the same that the East India Company has taught the Hindoos; the same lesson that has been taught over the whole world where civilization has schooled the savage,—blessed are the wise and the strong, for the weak and ignorant shall serve them or perish.

We ask not whether this lesson has been in accordance with our peace notions. We do not now test it, by the principles of non-resistance. Believe as firmly as you may that the crime of murder deserves the punishment of death *upon the guilty*;—uphold as stoutly as you can, that it is right in the heat of passion to destroy life, that the duty of self defence demands the stout heart and ready hand to inflict the death blow; use all possible arguments for defensive war; enlist as many '*freemen*' as you can in the ranks of the army; teach to your Christian sons the science of human destruction; fight if you please for your homes and your fire-sides, for your lives and your property, but speak no more of the necessity of *vengeance*:—destroy not life for the sake of trade. If these savages love not justice, and mercy, if your lives are not safe with them, recollect there is room enough in the world for them and for thee. Elliot.

CLERICAL EMBARRASSMENTS.

The evils resulting from the inadequate support of the Christian ministry are many and great. Some of these have been already alluded to, in the foregoing remarks. Suffer me, however, to direct your attention to them a moment longer.

It is evident enough that a minister, embarrassed and perplexed by his worldly circumstances, as every one on short allowance must be, cannot, in the nature of things, give his undivided time, attention and energies, to the work which God has given him to do. His mind is necessarily distracted. His children must have bread; his family must be supported. He has no right to neglect, and leave them to suffer, on the plea, that he is serving God in the ministry. And if he posseses the common attributes of humanity, he will not—cannot do it. But if his children can be defended from want, only by the most sleepless care and parsimonious economy, or by turning aside a part of the time, to some other employment, his own proper work must necessarily suffer from neglect. In this way a people are losers, to a much greater extent than they are generally aware of. When a minister is compelled to leave his own appropriate business, to do what his people have neglected to do, they suffer, he suffers, and the interests of religion suffer, every way, to an incalculable amount.

His studies are interrupted, if not wholly laid aside. He has no time for them. And if he had where are his books? His library might be enclosed in a satchel, and he can neither beg, nor buy, nor borrow. His intellect, of course, will lose much of its original elasticity and force, his thoughts be contracted by degrees into a narrow circle, and in that circle they will move, till by their weekly rotations, they have worn channels so deep and permanent, that his people can always tell, as by intuition, in what direction they will move from any given point. They may blame him, if they will, for not giving them richer and more diversied instruction, but I shall not. He probably does as well as most men would in similar circumstances. Thus situated, how *can* he make his profiting to appear? Religion will probably languish, the wheels of every good enterprize drag heavily, few souls will be converted, the ways of Zion will mourn and the road to eternal death be thronged with travellers. And besides, what right have a people, who thus tie up the hands of their minister, and keep him and his family on the confines of pauperism, crippling and starving his intellect, and overwhelming him with worldly cares and anxieties, by *defrauding* him of a just and competent support, to expect the blessing of God on his labors among them? I had well nigh said, in the language of the prophet, that 'their hands are defiled with blood, and their fingers with iniquity.' It is my solemn belief, that, take the country through, the usefulness of the gospel ministry is, by these means, abridged at least one third, perhaps more. And the number of souls who are thus lost, who can estimate?

I have not said that the ministry ought to have the privilege of growing rich upon their salaries—this they do not ask. They will be satisfied with such an income as will leave them at liberty to do the work of the Lord, without an undue degree of worldly embarrassment. To this they have an equitable title. Give them this and you will remove, in no small degree, the evils of which I have spoken. —*Pomroy's Sermon.*

DR. JOHNSON AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

In his last illness, Dr. Johnson sent for Sir Joshua Reynolds; and, after much serious conversation, told him he had three favors to beg of him, and he hoped he would not refuse a dying friend, be they what they would. Sir Joshua promised. The first was, that he would never paint on a Sunday; the second, that he would forgive him thirty pounds that he had lent him, as he wanted to leave them to a distressed family; the third was, that he would read the Bible whenever he had an opportunity, and that he would never omit it on a Sunday. There was no difficulty but upon the first point; but at length Sir Joshua promised to gratify him in all.—*Mrs Hannah More.*

From the Mother's Magazine.

FORMING A HABIT OF INDUSTRY.

'How may a habit of industry, or love of useful employment, be most successfully cultivated in early youth?'

'Indolence, says Dr Dwight, is original sin.' There is certainly an aversion to application which is natural to children; nor do I think that a love of useful employment can be produced in a child, until the habit is formed. When the habit of being employed is formed, the advantages resulting from it, (of which even children may be generally sensible,) may in time produce *a love for employment.*

The question then turns on this, 'How may the habit be formed?' I answer, it may be formed by beginning with children while yet very young: setting them about doing little things within the scope of their powers—things which they may see and feel are 'helping mamma.' Endeavor to inspire them with the desire to be useful, and let them be made sensible that they are doing good. Long before they are capable of much mental effort, their little bodily powers may be turned to some account, and both physical and moral education would be progressing. I once heard a little boy, less than three years old, after making an effort to bring a few little sticks of wood, which he had been desired by his mother to do, say, 'there, mamma, have not I done good use now.' The child was gratified in the sense of being useful, and who does not see that an important moral result was also attained—good feelings were cultivated?

In order to fix this habit, great attention and patience are requisite on the part of parents, and they must sometimes, from a sense of duty, do violence to their own feelings, and sometimes, to the feelings of their children. I do not think that children will, of their own accord, set themselves about any useful employment, but need to be bidden; and we should not wonder and fret impatiently at them for this. That may be called a good child who does as he is bidden. You may often find your child unwilling, but do not shrink from requiring what you think right and reasonable; depend on it, you will find yourself abundantly rewarded, not only in the sense of having performed your duty, but also in the happiness you will find your child is enjoying in consequence.

Parents must not only tell their children *to do* something, but *what to do*, and also patiently teach them *how to do it.* Until all this has been done, and perhaps more than once or twice, we must not reproach them with being idle or careless. And in general, I have found from my own experience and observation, that this reproaching of children has a bad effect. I have been often struck with that text of Scripture, which speaks of the Most High, as giving wisdom, 'without upbraiding.' Let us imitate our heavenly Father in our conduct towards our children in this particular.

I am satisfied that this business depends almost entirely on the parent, and especially on the mother, so that I am constrained to say, that when I have found my children idle, I could generally trace the fault to some negligence of my own.

GEORGE FOX. THE FIRST PREACHER OF THE SECT CALLED QUAKERS.

[From G. Bancroft's History of U. S.]

George Fox, the son of 'righteous Christopher,' a Lancashire weaver, by his mother descended from the stock of the martyrs, distinguished even in boyhood by frank inflexibility and deep religious feeling, became in early life an apprentice to a Nottingham shoemaker, who was also a landholder, and, like David, and Tamerlane, and Sixtus V., was set by his employer to watch sheep. The occupation was grateful to his mind, for its freedom, innocency, and solitude; and the years of earliest youth passed away in prayer and reading the Bible, frequent fasts, and the reveries of contemplative devotion. His boyish spirit yearned after excellence; and he was haunted by a vague desire of an unknown, illimitable good. In the most stormy period of the English democratic revolution, just as the Independents were beginning to make head successfully against the Presbyterians, when the impending ruin of royalty and the hierarchy made republicanism the doctrine of a party, and inspiration the faith of fanatics, the mind of Fox, as it revolved the question of human destiny, was agitated even to despair. The melancholy natural to youth heightened his anguish; abandoning his flocks and his shoemaker's bench, he nourished his inexplicable grief by retired meditations, and often walking solitary in the chase, sought in the gloom of the forest for a vision of God.

He questioned his life; but his blameless life was ignorant of remorse. He went to many 'priests' for comfort, but found no comfort from them. His misery urged him to visit London; and there the religious feuds convinced him that the great professors were dark. He returned to the country, where some advised him to marry, others to join Cromwell's army; but his excited mind continued its conflicts; and, as other young men have done from love, his restless spirit drove him into the fields, where he walked many nights long by himself in misery too great to be declared. Yet at times a ray of heavenly joy beamed upon his soul, and he reposed, as it were, serenely on Abraham's bosom.

He had been bred in the church of England. One day, the thought rose in his mind, that a man might be bred at Oxford or Cambridge, and yet be unable to explain the great problem of existence. Again he reflected that God lives not in temples of brick and stone, but in the hearts of the living; and from the parish priest and the parish church, he turned to the dissenters. But among them he found the most experienced unable to reach his condition.

Neither could the pursuit of wealth detain his mind from its struggle for fixed truth. His desires were those which wealth could not satisfy. A king's diet, palace, and attendance, had been to him as nothing. Rejecting 'the changeable ways of religious' sects, the 'brittle notions' and airy theories of philosophy, he longed for 'unchangeable truth,' a firm foundation of morals in the soul. His inquiring mind was gently led along to principles of endless and eternal love; light dawned within him; and though the world was rocked by tempests of opinion, his secret and as yet unconscious belief was firmly stayed by the anchor of hope.

The strong mind of George Fox had already risen above the prejudices of sects. The greatest danger remained. Liberty may be pushed to dissoluteness, and freedom is the fork in the road where the by-way leads to infidelity. One morning, as Fox sat silently by the fire, a cloud came over his mind; a baser instinct seemed to say 'All things come by nature;' and the elements and the stars oppressed his imagination with a vision of pantheism. But as he continued musing, a true voice arose within him, and said, 'There is a living God.' At once the clouds of skepticism rolled away; mind triumphed over matter, and the depths of conscience were cheered and irradiated by light from heaven. His soul enjoyed the sweetness of repose, and he came up in spirit from agony of doubt into the paradise of contemplation.

Having listened to the revelation which had been made to his soul, he thirsted for a reform in every branch of learning. The physician should quit the strife of *words*, and solve the appearances of nature by an intimate study of the higher laws of being. The priests rejecting authority and giving up the trade in knowledge, should seek oracles of truth in the purity of conscience. The lawyers, abandoning their chicanery, should tell their clients plainly, that he who wrongs his neighbor does a wrong to himself. The heavenly-minded man was become a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making.

Thus did the mind of George Fox arrive at the conclusion, that truth is to be sought by listening to the voice of God in the soul. Not the learning of the universities, not the Roman see, not the English church, not dissenters, not the whole outward world, can lead to a fixed rule of morality. The law in the heart must be received without prejudice, cherished without mixture, and obeyed without fear.

Such was the spontaneous wisdom by which he was guided. It was the clear light of reason, dawning as through a cloud. Confident that his name was written in the Lamb's book of life, he was borne, by an irrepressible impulse, to go forth into the briery and brambly world, and publish the glorious principles which had rescued him from despair and infidelity, and given him a clear perception of the immutable distinctions between right and wrong. At the very crisis when the house of commons was abolishing monarchy and the peerage, about two years and a half from the day when Cromwell went on his knees to kiss the hand of the young boy who was duke of York, the Lord, who sent George Fox into the world, forbade him to put off his hat to any, high or low; and he was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, to great or small. The sound of the church bell in Nottingham, the home of his boyhood, struck to his heart; like Milton and Roger Williams, his soul abhorred the hireling ministry of diviners for money; and on the morning of a firstday, he was moved to go to the great steeple-house and cry against the idol. 'When I came there,' says Fox, 'the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in the pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter—'We have also a more sure word of prophecy;' and told the people, this was the Scriptures. Now, the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold; but was made to cry out, 'Oh, no! it is not the Scriptures, it is the Spirit.'

The principle contained a moral revolution. If it flattered self-love and fed enthusiasm, it also established absolute freedom of mind, trod every idolatry under foot, and entered the strongest protest against the forms of a hierarchy. It was the principle for which Socrates died and Plato suffered; and now that Fox went forth to proclaim it among the people, he was every where resisted with angry vehemence, and priests and professors, magistrates and people, swelled like the raging waves of the sea. At the Lancaster sessions forty priests appeared against him at once. To the ambitious Presbyterians, it seemed as if hell were broke loose; and Fox, imprisoned and threatened with the gallows, still rebuked their bitterness as 'exceeding rude and devillish,' resisting and overcoming pride with unbending stubbornness. Possessed of vast ideas which he could not trace to their origin, a mystery to himself, like Cromwell and so many others who have exercised vast influence on society, he believed himself the special ward of a favoring Providence, and his doctrine the spontaneous expression of irresistible, intuitive truth. Nothing could daunt his enthusiasm. Cast into jail among felons, he claimed of the public tribunals a release only to continue his exertions; and as he rode about the country, the seed of God sparkled about him like innumerable sparks of fire. If cruelly beaten, or set in the stocks, or ridiculed as mad, he still proclaimed the oracles

of the voice within him, and rapidly gained adherents among the country people. If driven from the church, he spoke in the open air; forced from the shelter of the humble alehouse, he slept without fear under a haystack, or watched among the furze. His fame increased; crowds gathered, like flocks of pigeons, to hear him. His frame in prayer is described as the most awful, living and reverent ever felt or seen; and his vigorous understanding, soon disciplined by clear convictions to natural dialectics, made him powerful in the public discussions to which he defied the world. A true witness, writing from knowledge, and not report, declares that by night and by day, by sea and by land, in every emergency of the nearest and most exercising nature, he was always in his place, and always a match for every service and occasion. By degrees 'the hypocrites' feared to dispute with him; and the simplicity of his principle found such ready entrance among the people, that the priests trembled and scud as he drew near; 'so that it was a dreadful thing to them, when it was told them, 'the man in leathern breeches is come.'

BEAUTY OF THE JEWESS.

Fontaina asked one day, why the women of Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men. I gave him a reason at once poetical and Christian. The Jewesses, I replied, have escaped the curse which has alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was seen among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of Man, scourged him to ignominy and the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Savior—they loved, they followed him, and they soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster; the sinner anointed his feet with a perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses, he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate Judge to the woman in crime. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary; balm and spice, and weeping, sought him at the sepulchre: 'woman why weepest thou?' His first appearance was to Magdalene, he said to her 'Mary!' At the sound of that voice Magdalene's eyes were opened; and she answered, 'Master!' The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewess.—[*Chateaubriand.*

SWIFT'S EARLY LIFE.—At Moor Park, an eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William Temple as an amanuensis, for £20 a year and his board, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty dark-eyed young girl who waited on Lady Giffard.—Little did Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependant, concealed a genius equally suited to politics and to letters—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave posterity, memorials which can only perish with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in the servant's hall, which he, perhaps, scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long and prosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch, or of Abelard. Sir William's secretary was Jonathan Swift—Lady Giffard's waiting maid was poor Stella.—*Edinburg Review.*

YORK MINSTER.—The great ornament of York, is its cathedral. It is 524 1-2 feet in length, and its breadth, including the side isles, is 109 feet. The height of the vaulting of the same is 99 feet, of the two western towers 196 feet, and of the Lantern tower 213 feet. The abbey and York minster, are both fine edifices of the Gothic order, and truly magnificent. The imposing effect of York minster, when seen from without, is not surpassed by any church I have seen. The interior is in fine taste. Nearly all of the windows are of stained glass. One of them is 75 feet high, by 32 wide. The glass is stained so as to represent paintings of various sacred subjects. It is a grand edifice. I attended worship in York minster and heard its organ, which is said to be the largest in Europe. One of the pipes is about 30 feet long by 1 3-4 feet in diameter.

THE QUEEN.

'The Queen has done it all.' Yes, it is to her firmness and magnanimity—it is to her decision of character, and the nobility of her nature, that Ireland owes her political salvation—that we are relieved from the intolerable and flagitious domination of a foul, a heartless, a corrupt, and sweltering faction, that panted for the opportunity of crushing the country under the wheels of its Juggernaut. 'The Queen has done it all'—the victory is Victoria's and her's alone. Honor to the Queen! There is not a manly heart in her dominion that will not bound with exultation at the conviction—now made manifest to the world—that one so young, so innocent, encompassed round about with the snares of the artful, menaced by the machinations of an ungodly oligarchy, and left without advisers, for she had none, she could not have any in the crisis; had the courage, the characteristic courage of her race, to ask counsel of her own breast—and having seen and felt that response was sound, to act upon the impulse at once, and at once to decide. There is not, we say, a high-minded man in her dominions who will not exclaim that she has done well—that she has acted as became the Sovereign of a free people—resolved herself to be free in her domestic relations. There is not a woman in the world who will not pronounce her glorious name with rapture—save and always excepting those ladies who looked forward to a Court life, and to the precedence and influence which the immediate servants of the Sovereign are sure to exercise in high female society. These ladies, and their immediate connections and friends amongst the oligarchy, are mortified beyond measure. But every gentlewoman of high station, unconnected with what are called the fashionable Tory circles—every woman of high spirit, in every rank and grade of society—every woman of good and honest feelings, will love the Queen in her heart of hearts, for the quiet, but glorious and decisive victory she has achieved over her enemies, by the simple and firm exercise—not merely of her own prerogative as a Queen of England, but as a woman, the prerogative of choosing her friends, and living in the circle of those associates with whose converse she was pleased. Honor to the Queen! To her subjects in Ireland the victory is, indeed, a glorious relief from those terrible anticipations with which they were oppressed at the advent of the Tory rule—or, as in this country it would be, the Orange regime of a faction maddened by their long exclusion from office. That faction, we need not remind the readers of this Journal, had declared their intention, under the guidance of Alienus Lyndhurst, and in accordance with their own base and vindictive passions, to rule us with a rod of iron. They declared it, they avowed it, they gloried in it. They put down in print, and published it, and we took occasion to republish the manifesto in our last, for the edification of all our liege Lady's subjects in this part of her dominions. From the infamy of such sway—from the horror of such rule, we are saved. Honor to the Queen. The Queen has done it all. We should never be weary of expatiating on this delightful and soul animating theme. But it is time that we should acquaint our readers with the particulars (such of them as have yet transpired) which led to the victory we are celebrating.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

[From Paxton's Lectures on Palestine.]

MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN.

About the time we had finished our supper and were going to bed, some cause of dissatisfaction among the villagers, or a family quarrel, took place; and for a short time there was a terrible strife of tongues. It died away, in part, and I hoped was about to terminate; but was revived or continued mainly between one man and woman, as the voices indicated; and such a scold I have seldom heard. The woman appeared manifestly to have the advantage. Her tongue was like a sharp sword. It must have been used before, or it could not have been wielded with such terrible power on the present occasion. I thought of the old saying that 'the tongue is the only instrument that grows sharper and sharper by daily use.' The adversary, whether neighbor or brother, or husband, I know not, but suspect it was the latter, appeared to feel that he had a losing case. He yielded; lowered his tone; let her do two-thirds; three-fourths; and, towards the last, a still larger portion of the talking. Such a storm could not last always—it gradually passed away and the voices became silent. How many such storms daily take place on earth!—but not one in heaven—no, not one!

It was a Mohammedan village, and this probably a Mohammedan wife, maintaining her rights against an unkind or petulant husband. Verily, thinks I to myself, we of the western world, are far aside from the truth in the judgments we form about the domestic manners and intercourse of the Mohammedans, and especially their mode of treating their wives. We not only take it for granted that the Mohammedans believe their women have no souls, (which is not true,) but we suppose they have no rights, no privileges, and dare hardly look at their lords, much less speak to them, under fear of losing their heads. Now all this is wide of the mark. The Mohammedan ladies have their rights, as well as our own fair ones, and know how to stand up for them—and the female tongue is fully as powerful an instrument in the East, as it is in the West.

Judging from what I used to hear when a boy, about the Mohammedans, I should have expected to have seen this *fair one* put in a sack and thrown in the river, or as water is rather scarce here to be used for drowning *scolds*, I should at least have expected to have seen her head cut off, and her tongue nailed up in terror to others. But it was plain that the good lady was in no fear of such treatment; and the good people of the village, instead of coming to the relief of the man, were glad to keep out of harm's way; and the ruler of the town, if it had any, knew better than to intermeddle with other people's matters; and the man himself received a lesson, which I hope may do him more good than it did me.

A THOUGHT.

Were children accustomed from infancy to hear nothing but correct conversation, there would be but little need of their learning arbitrary rules of grammar—they would naturally speak and write correctly. Hence it is that children of educated parents are generally so much more easy and graceful in their conversation than the children of the uneducated.—Our language, like our manners, is caught from those with whom we associate; and if we would have the young improve in this important part of education we must be careful that they hear no vulgarism from us. Parents and teachers cannot be too particular in the presence of imitative children.—*Pestalozzi.*

[From the London Morning Chronicle.]

MR CARLYLE'S LECTURES ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF MODERN EUROPE.

A series of lectures on the momentous subject of modern revolutions, delivered by one of the profoundest thinkers and sincerest men now living, offers matter of deep interest to the consideration of men of all parties. Mr Carlyle divides his subject into three great epochs, to each of which two lectures are assigned—the Reformation, the English Revolution, and the French Revolution. He began on Wednesday last, and on Saturday brought his first epoch to a close. All that we propose in this account is to give some general idea of what was said by the lecturer, without remark on minor differences or disputes of opinion. We think that in such generous tolerance and kindness to all men and all things, as Mr Carlyle never fails to exhibit, he has even a right to be now and then paradoxical. Because we cannot always agree with him, we do not, therefore, think his opinions less entitled, at all times, to serious consideration. A paradox is not necessarily a mistake. We would as soon take upon ourselves to call the world a mistake, because, until its final mysteries are solved, we cannot hope to reconcile the seeming differences of which it is composed. We must even content ourselves with wisely making the best of those differences meanwhile.

Mr Carlyle opened with the remark that revolution was not a pleasant thing; for that it was man's nature to love permanence and regret decay, and grieve bitterly when he saw the mighty fallen, or what were once the lights and guides of the world, extinguished or passed away. But he could not help it. The last three hundred years had, in truth, been one revolution, 'fytte after fytte,' and to shift the age he lived in was impossible. In space he might move, but not in time. Since revolution, then, was inevitable, it became all men to inquire into it, and understand what it was, not with 'sectarian vehemence,' but in 'a Catholic spirit.' In this these lectures had originated.

The first grand consideration was, that the gradual developement of man, as of nature, depended on change. He was a being made of time—his very element mutation. 'Morning was, noon is, and evening will be.' With him, as with trees, a 'large growth' depended on 'sudden expansion.' Hence arose the great truth that all 'successful revolutions' had been needful—indispensably precious—a good the world could not have gone on without. In the interior of them all lodged a priceless thing—a true faith. At the bottom of every revolution lay a 'divine idea of right;' not the wish for it merely, but the faith and conviction. But there it ought to be, and was. And this was the bond which kept all modern revolutions together, and bound them in affiliation to the reform of Luther. Yes—even in the French revolution, with its 'wild, irreligious look,' its denial of God, its 'fierce September massacres'—there was that which every candid man, who utters his deep and sincere feeling, must acknowledge to have been a religious character. The divine idea of right, which sanctifies all revolutions, and for which indeed they are permitted by the Providence which rules the world, was there.

Mr Carlyle now glanced at the state of things before the sixteenth century, and observed that 'Europe began in revolution.' And such a revolution!—the disruption of the Roman empire, and the wild incoming of the northern nations! Two pages of our histories served to tell the tale; yet it went on (from the time of Attila to the immigration of the Lombards into the north of Italy) for upwards of two hundred years all over Europe. All other revolutions might be called child's play, 'the joustings of a tournament,' compared with the 'fierce savagery' of that! Observing on its results, the lecturer eulogized the character of the Teutonic races. In these wild men he said, around whom the very wrecks of the world seem to be scattered in confusion, there existed qualities as fine, and a nature as noble and generously gifted, as the most civilized time had seen. Meanwhile, in an opposite corner of the world, a 'stupendous event' was going on—a thing that was preparing to unite itself to these new influences in the west, and become of all of them the soul and centre—'a deep, a great, and unspeakable thing'—a little light in a vast darkness—a single element that only waited to be flung into the wild and burning mass to make all unite and cohere in the end. Christianity, Mr Carlyle said, was the 'revelation of the infinitude of man to man'—the proof that eternity was about him, and that for him in heaven there were both pity and care. Hence arose all things that since then had made men great and wise, thoughts that might be summoned up in those two which were wont to strike dumb with admiration and awe the greatest of German philosophers. The first, the blue vault of night, with its infinite fields of stars; the second, the feeling of duty in man, the must and shall, the divine idea of right, out of which all revolutions were to spring thenceforward.

This, Mr Carlyle continued, embraced the sublimest considerations that belonged to his great subject—this scientific significance of Christianity in history—this, which should not be tamely spoken of in ordinary words of, common-place, but 'recited in Gregorian chants, in great Cathedrals.' From it he proceeded to describe the institutions of Catholicism and Monarchism, the one originating in that allegiance to the Christian creed which claimed reverence for its high priests and ministers; the other in that natural and indestructible loyalty in the human mind which induces it to look up to something superior to itself for conduct or self-guidance.

He illustrated the progress of Catholicism through its grades of elder or presbyter, overseer or bishop and pope; and he spoke of kingship from its earliest days to its latest—from the time the Franks elected for their noblest man him that was strongest in war, and amid a tempest and whirlwind of clangor and shouting proclaimed him king—to the days when, even in an age that was dead to all enthusiasm, the same true loyalty sent Mr Boswell, that conceited Scotchman, to worship great shaggy, dusty Dr Johnson in his garret. All the doubts, dreads, and uncertainties, impulses of right and energies of wrong, through which *Institution* worked its gradual way, were next enlarged on by the lecturer, and illustrated by the famous incident of the vase of St. Remis. Then arose against it the spirit of innovation, which men would badly understand if they thought it other than the shadow of a greater thing—not the main phenomenon, but merely incident to it. For though, while in the midst of it, as in a quarry, we may see but rubbish, confusion, disorder, marring the fair green face of earth—once removed to a distance, we behold the firm and well-built palace.

Pursuing this discourse, the earnest lecturer declared the only ground of stability or greatness was belief. Ages that believed had been always great. There was no such wonderful and soul-elevating thing in the history of man as the picture of the Israelites coming out of Egypt to take possession of the land that had been merely promised them. In this intense sincerity of their faith, in spite of all contradiction—in their fierce adherence to that and nothing else—the Jews had been and were still to all that saw them, a wonder in the world. And belief, continued Mr Carlyle, is not a thing for reasoning or logic to exercise their skill upon. To see, to feel, to understand the good that was in Christianity, was worth all the reasoning about the matter that ingenuity or logic could devise. Decline went hand in hand with worldliness; and in protest against worldliness it was, in energetic denunciation of the decline of the Catholic faith, that the gigantic and mournful voice of Dante rose. He was the product of ages of the Catholic religion. Silent centuries of belief spoke out in him. What a man he was!—not five or six in the history of the world fit to rank with him, uniting the gentleness of a child and the affection of the mother of a child to such fierce denunciations of wrath and woe as could issue only from the strongest man! And what a life steeped in misery was his! Upon the mere picture of his face a tragedy was written—an implacable protest against all the world had inflicted on him. Now, the secret of Dante's greatness (which was nobly eulogised) was that his mind was filled with certainty; and the secret of the insignificance that was soon to fall on the heads of the Catholic Church was the disbelief, the uncertainty, the recklessness, that had taken up abode among them.

Here Catholicism was doomed. Protestings rose against the Pope from Dante's time. It was no work of legislators, this; their duty was merely to discern what lay in the world already; set it up or originate they could not. A thing must exist before legislation acts upon it. A law must lie dimly in the minds of the people before force could call it forth. And this was ever going on. No man believed exactly what his father believed before him. It was a system of perpetual growth which yet the legislator, if he could not begin, might suffer and assist. While the imprisoned tree was crashing its expanding branches through what crevices it could, the legislature might suddenly strike down the surrounding incumbrances, and say to it 'Grow!' Three years after Dante's death Wickliffe was born, and the protestings then begun were consummated by Martin Luther.

Closing this lecture (which was delivered extempore) with an intimation that the next would be chiefly devoted to Luther, Mr Carlyle retired amid the hearty applause of a very numerous audience, among whom were to be recognized various distinguished and acccomplished persons.

'Every man passes through a series of events which make his own history the most interesting and instructive of all tales for his individual perusal. All the events of that history, too, are so intimately and beautifully connected, that the more carefully we study them, the more we shall perceive their extensive influence on each other. And the deeper will be our impression of the invaluable lessons which, by means of these events, God is at every moment presenting to our notice and recommending to our study. And thus the attentive and silent examination of these events, or of the causes of Divine Providence towards us individually, becomes a *duty* of a truly religious character, without the careful discharge of which we cannot act up to the high and essential grandeur of the nature we possess, nor avail ourselves of many of the most interesting and beautiful of the lessons which Divine Providence is daily furnishing for our use.'—*True Plan of a Living Temple.*

'There are thus four distinct seasons marked out by nature herself in the progress of the day; and each of them reminding man of some important duties which he has to fulfil, or of some indulgent bounty which nature has permitted him to taste. Morning is the season of freshness, of renovated strength, and of calm preparation for the duties of the day. Then comes the time of active labor, of intense study, or of busy intercourse amidst the busy haunts of men. A season of animal enjoyment, of social affection, of domestic endearment, and of taste for art, intervenes as a kind of relaxation from the graver and more harrassing pursuits of the preceding period. And evening closes the beautiful succession, amidst a gradual falling of softer shadows, and a deeper feeling of mysterious sentiments—till immortality itself seems to burst upon the human soul from the brightening splendors of those countless worlds, by which this darkened abode of mortality is encompassed."—*Ib.*

'In comparison with all other Teachers of antiquity nothing in Jesus strikes me as more peculiar and original than the manner in which he spoke of the young. 'Of such,' said he, 'is the kingdom of Heaven.' There is more here than a mere figure of speech. Faith is the characteristic of childhood and youth. So congenial is it to a child's nature to cherish trust, to bestow confidence, so ready is he to listen to all sounds as to true voices, that, if we supposed he had come into this world from a pre-existent state, we should infer that he had lived in a world of perfect truth. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' The mind of the young child appears to live and move and have its being, all unconsciously, in those truths, which the man is toiling almost hopelessly to find. They brood over it 'like the day.' And although the corrupting illusions of sense fast, very fast, close us round, and the heavy yoke of custom bows us down, and we daily travel further from the east, yet something of the child's heart stays with us to the end, amidst the thickening clouds of pride and sin.'—*W. H. Furness.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE MORAL TEACHER.

This Book has undoubtedly been prepared to meet an existing want. A discussion has been going on among the friends of popular institutions and Common schools for some time past, as to the necessity of introducing into the latter, instruction in Morals or Religion. The difficulty has been to overcome the natural, but as it seems to us mistaken, fear, that in introducing such a study, religious differences and sectarian biasses must necessarily mingle themselves, consciously or unconsciously, with the teachings of the simplest elements of morality, or the clear fundamental doctrines of religion.

In this instance, the two extremes seem to have met. One repudiating wholly the teaching of morals lest the pupils should come to think that morals constituted the whole of religion,—and the other, that no book of morals could be prepared, without inculcating some dogmas of religion which would give offence to some one sect or another. Now the 'Moral Teacher,' as it seems to us, is a book calculated to remove both of these impressions. We do not say, that it is the best book that could be prepared on this difficult and most important subject. We do not say, that it may not be superseded by a far better suggested by this very attempt. But we are prepared to say that it is the best which has fallen under our notice prepared expressly for our Common schools, and that it removes the difficulty effectually to which we have just alluded. It teaches morals in such a way that the mind and the heart of every pupil brought under its influence must be better prepared and better disposed by it to receive at home, at Sunday school, or the Church, any doctrines of religion, whether literal or evangelical, that may be desired by their respective parents. And it teaches religion in such a way, that no sect can reasonably object to its spirit, teachings or character.

We ask then of those who have made those objections, to examine carefully and candidly this book; and if we are not greatly mistaken in regard to their candor and good sense, they will confess, when they shall see the subject presented to their minds in this form, that they have labored under a great misapprehension or mistake.

We see by the publisher's notice that President Wayland's manual on a similar subject, designed however for higher schools and older pupils, has had a most extenisve sale,—a proof that the subject of morals as a part of common education is becoming a subject of profound interest in the community. We think therefore that this publication is timely; that it will do much to increase that interest; to remove all prejudices on the subject; and to prepare the public mind for a general introduction of this study into all our Common schools. The Moral Teacher is written with great simplicity and clearness of style; its various principles are explained and illustrated by reference to the child's experience in the school—the miniature world of the child where all the feelings, motives, passions and principles of human life are brought into early and constant play,—and may be used either as a Reader or as a book of study.

It is to be hoped that all our School Committees will have their attention drawn to this subject, and to this manual; so that if the latter is not satisfactory, new trials may be made, until one is produced which shall meet the wants and feelings of all. P.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1839.

PARTY SPIRIT.

June 29.

The day most dear to our hearts, as the most glorious in our history, is near. It is associated with all we most admire and venerate in the character and deeds of our fathers—their disinterestedness, their lofty enthusiasm, their unquenchable love of freedom, their unfaltering trust in God, their wisdom in council, their heroism in battle. The day is full of stirring and elevating thoughts, influences and hopes. It is fitted to thrill every drop of blood that flows through an American's heart. It is humanity's proudest day. On it most solemnly, most impressively, most sublimely were proclaimed to a startled world, the inalienable dignity and rights of man. It should be spent as our political sabbath. Our best and wisest men should address us—they should teach us our duties, dangers, and responsibleness. They should recall the high spirit and purposes of the past. They should speak plainly of our follies, weaknesses, besetting passions. They should point out our true position, and the true sources of our greatness and glory. They should strive to excite that high tone of thought and feeling, which alone can enable us to do our appropriate work, in the regeneration of our race. But how will it be spent? We suppose in the usual way. Partizan declaimers will make it an occasion to excite, to inflame, embitter the congregated multitudes of their respective parties. The most vehement efforts, will be made to convince the people that large portions of their fellow citizens are dishonest, treacherous, unworthy of the least confidence, secretly plotting against the best interests of the country. Jealousy, suspicion, anger, malice, will by every species of exaggerated statement and base insinuation, be excited and nurtured. In this way the great day, instead of being consecrated to exalting recollections, sentiments, purpose and hopes is perverted, to the vilest uses, to the excitement and gratification of the lowest appetites and passions of our nature. This is too bad. And the party spirit that prevails at present, among us, is pernicious, contemptible, disgusting, in every view. It constantly preys on whatever is tender, candid, manly and good in our feelings. It wars against every better emotion and higher impulse. It is vicious, vulgar, illiberal, severe, in the extreme. It is a moral pestilence.

It blights whatever it touches, like the hot winds of the desert. It is eating out and burning out whatever grace and excellence there may be in the character of our people. It is searing consciences and hearts. It rears an iron throne in the bosoms of its victims. It is Anti-christ in all its influences. Be meek, says Jesus; be passionate, says party. Be humble, says Jesus; be proud, says party. Be merciful, says Jesus; be unrelenting, says party. My peace, says Jesus, I give unto you. My fierce temper, says party, I give you to cherish. Hope all things, says Jesus. Suspect all things, says party. Think no evil, says Jesus. Think nothing but evil, says party. Honor all men, says Jesus. Hold in contempt your opponents, says party. Love as brethren, says Jesus. Hate as enemies, says party. Worship God, says Jesus. Worship your leaders, says party. Thus the sentiments, excited and fed by political partics, are utterly adverse to the spirit and sentiments inculcated by Christ. What progress can his followers make, in the divine life and attainments, he bids them lead and make, while they give place to such influences and excitements? They will toil in vain. The sweet spirit will not come. Their sails will flag. The rude waves of the political ocean will drive them back. God's angels will leave the temple to evil spirits. Mildness, peace, forbearance, kindness, will give way to all the passions most unbecoming, most injurious to man. What great good can it do, to read a little, daily, in the book of life, while hours are spent over inflammatory party papers? And why is all this? Who are the great matters of contention? What mighty interests are at stake? We believe none. There must, we suppose, be some difference of principle between the parties. But not half the difference, we imagine, there is between an honest and a dishonest man, between patriotism and ambition, hypocricy and sincerity. Therefore give us honest, true men, of whatever party. Charity is man's highest interest, warm, strong, tender, expansive sympathies and sentiments. Whatever enfeebles, cools, contracts them, is his worst foe. Whenever a man, from his interest in party politics, finds himself becoming less candid, generous and placable, confiding and hopeful, let him, as he values his soul's salvation, quench this flame kindled up of hell. One pure, disinterested, liberal emotion is of more importance to him than the success of any man or any party.

Religious people, that is those who look upon their spiritual condition as of most essential importance, ought to keep a constant watch over themselves, in respect to their more extended relations. It is quite possible to indulge here, unconsciously, all the feelings and passions they most desire to suppress and shun. Here vanity, pride, contempt, scorn, revenge, reign and triumph without being suspected. They have become angels of light. They talk pompously, of patriotism, liberty, our glorious ancestors, the nation's dangers, enemies, honor and greatness. Here we see Christians, freely, heartily, using the most contemptuous, scornful, haughty language in relation to thousands, for whom Christ died and for whom he prays in heaven. We trust in God's providence to disappoint and defeat every man and every party that would ride into office on a tide of base excitement, that would rear their power on the moral degradation of their country. The term Locofocoism appears to have come into more familiar use than any other. We are not certain we understand it. We have not been anxious to learn the amount of its mystical significance. We recollect it is not quite safe to call our brethren fools and villains. We thereby expose ourselves to a danger we are rather anxious to avoid. And the individual, who discovers talent in inventing and spreading opprobrious epithets, deserves to be ranked with the inventor of the Guiliotine. We are not certain the one in question has not done more real harm in this country than that instrument did in France. One kills the body, the other inflames, hardens, and injures the soul. If, however, it means constant, vehement appeals to the lowest appetites and passions of men, to effect trifling and unworthy purposes, it should be appropriated to neither party. It belongs, perhaps, about equally to both. There are persons and editors in each, who appear to have based all their hopes of success on such appeals. They send forth their daily poison into the community. They pander to the great dragon that preys on humanity. They spread moral desolation wherever they appear. Their influence should be shunned as the breath of death. Of all occasions, the one most offensive we should think to people of refined and proper feelings, would be the celebration of a party triumph. The complacent assumptions, the solemn pretensions, the mock heroism, the passionate patriotism, the lofty array of the whole affair add nothing to the respect we entertain for those distinguished individuals, who seem to claim among their numerous honors, that of so brilliant and benevolent a conception. Then what feelings are aroused of indignation on one side, of suspicion and hatred on the other. Can our great men do nothing better than to go about exciting a civil war in every village through the country? Or must its peace, its good feelings, its happiness and real welfare continue to be sacrificed to their reckless ambition?

It is time Christians spoke out loudly and boldly concerning these things. Of what effect are our effort of all kinds, to advance the kingdom of God among us while the souls of our people are kept constantly excited, inflamed, embittered by partizan demagogues? Can men make any progress in spiritual excellence, while these worms, these low passions are ever knawing at the root of the tree of life? Can the pure light of the Sabbath do much to adorn and enrich their spirits so long as during six days, they inhale only the air of passion, vanity, distrust, contempt and scorn. Is not here the great fountain of irreligion among us? The sentiments that prevail in party politics, that are constantly excited, deeply indulged, every where diffused, are in direct opposition to those inculcated by our Savior. Hence arises distaste for the truths, precepts, affections and promises which abound in his life and teachings. These things are spiritually discerned. They cannot be seen through the fierce clouds raised by party conflicts. The minds of people are kept filled with the most trifling and disquieting considerations. Worldly men of much pretension, scoff at the trifles that engage theologians in controversy. It is bad enough, and pitiable enough we acknowledge. But if we were capable of being so comforted, we could draw abundant consolation from the contemplation of the absolutely contemptible circumstances, events, prospects and subjects that weary the pens, exhaust the vocabulary and the eloquence of our political writers and leaders. We say again it is time the religious portion of the press should be heard speaking in a calm, clear, decided voice amid the angry noises and fierce tumults of the political world. People must be taught that to be Christians at any time they must be at all times; in any relation, they must be in all relations. We talk fearfully of infidelity. We imprison the apostle of atheism. But the malignant, selfish, uncharitable, unprincipled character of the spirit that reigns in our political parties and associations, is doing more to engender and disseminate infidelity and atheism, than all other causes combined. The greatest obstacles to the progress and power of pure religion, among us, are those persons and periodicals which breathe only pestilence on every plant which God has planted and Jesus came to nurture with his tears and his blood.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR JULY.

We have time now only to refer to the article on slavery. It has pleased us greatly. Its spirit is as calm, as gentle, as generous as can be desired—its views moderate and just, liberal and profound. So we mean they have impressed us. It is really refreshing in the midst of this fierce and teeming controversy, to light upon any thing so fine in feeling, so free from prejudice, in thought. It will meet a hearty response, we are persuaded, from a very large portion of the most enlightened, wise and pious in every portion of our country. The writer has resided for much time at the south west, surrounded by slavery. That he is capable of observing relations and conditions, in the undisturbed light of expansive benevolence, cool reason and tranquil reflection, the piece bears abundant evidence. We commend it to the abolitionists. There is no room to doubt they are sincerely devoted to the interests of the slave. But is it not quite possible they have wholly mistaken as to the best mode and most effectual means of effecting their object? Is the position they have assumed towards our southern brethren the most winning, the most impressive, the most fitted to gain their respect and confidence, to touch their kindly feelings, to awaken their more righteous energies? Is it not rather fitted to arouse jealousy, fear, pride, wrath, revenge? Assume that people are unjust and are determined to remain so, are wicked and delight in wickedness, are tyrants and joy in tyranny, are corrupt and wedded to all uncleanliness, and we have cast away the power to benefit them. If the south, from the beginning, had been addressed in the tone and temper, in the charity and confidence that distinguish this article, there is no reason to suspect appropriate results would not have followed. We must overcome evil with good. It is its only divinely appointed and successful antagonist. Vanity, pretension, hostility, uncharitableness, vulgar passions, ostentations sympathy cannot do it. To effect real, spiritual good is a more delicate and difficult enterprise than is generally supposed. It is the prerogative and glory of God to do good. It is only those who are born of him, the pure, the gentle, the refined, the tender, the serene, the magnanimous, that can become his fellow-workers. The passionate, the noisy, the rude, the impatient, the severe, the ambitious cannot enter this kingdom. We do not believe fierce, thoughtless, reckless agitation will ever be a blessed instrument in the regeneration of the world. And all, who have freighted their hopes on this boisterous stream, are destined to sad disappointments. It is quite possible for people, in what they deem high, philanthropic efforts, to injure themselves more than they benefit others. They injure, embitter, harden their feelings. Faith, hope, charity, temper affection are enfeebled, cooled, darkened, perverted. It is as well for slaves to wear their chains as for Christians thus to wrong their souls. A whole community may be thus injured, robbed, degraded—its amount of moral happiness and worth vastly diminished. Some conventions in relation to this subject, have forced this impression on us. When a man, in benevolent labors, begins to feel less kind and complacent towards his neighbors he may well suspect something is wrong. A true and acceptable service never bears such fruits. We think there is now a favorable opportunity for an intelligent and wise discussion of slavery. The storm has spent much of its force. It is broken and tempered. An era of better feelings and calmer councils is near. When it shall come let every one endeavor to form correct views, to gain and cherish just sentiments on this most important subject. And the benign results of correct views and just sentiments will be neither few nor small. We present our readers with a few brief selections from the article.

It has frequently been the case in the discussion of important subjects, that, while extreme opinions on both sides have been maintained with great warmth, the truth, which indeed lay between, was neglected by both parties. Thus, it appears to us, has it been with the recent discussions upon the subject of slavery. While, on the one side, public attention has been called to slavery as an evil and a sin, and the duty of relinquishing it at once has been urged upon the Southern people, while, on the other side, the system has been advocated, as not only defensible but valuable, as identified with the rights and the interests of the Southern States, few or none have been found among the writers of the day, who have calmly viewed it as an arrangement of human society, which, though imperfect and attended with great evils, is permitted by Providence to exist for a season, but which it is the duty of enlightened human beings to improve, so far as it may be susceptible of improvement, and, when circumstances shall permit, to abolish in a quiet and judicious manner, that other and better forms of social organization may then take place.

There is, throughout the world, a difference between the rich and the poor, the controllers and the controlled. Nor does this difference always correspond in practice with the name given it in theory. In many a log cabin of the South, the white man and his slave eat of the coarse fare at the same coarse table. The one sleeps as comfortably as the other, the one works as hard as the other. To compare the difference between their conditions with that between the wealthier members of the Anti-Slavery Society and the white laborers in their streets, would give food for consideration. But let the difference in either case be compared with that between the Irish nobleman and his wild and starving tenantry, and it is seen to be far surpassed, while even this broad distinction would be exceeded by that which separates an Esterhazy from the thousands of his serfs.

We regard slavery as one in a series of imperfect arrangements, which for a time must be endured, but which enlightened men and Christians ought to be doing their best to improve, temperately, gradually, peaceably, and with good nature; arrangements too, which are yielding, with more or less rapidity, before the influence of science and of the Christian religion.

Christianity is in harmony with nature and reason, on this as on every subject. The Savior and his Apostles touch not the subject of slavery, except in enforcing the great duties of justice and benevolence towards all, and in pointing out the relative obligations of master and slave, under the existing state of things. But these precepts, and the general spirit of Christianity, first rendered the treatment of those in bondage more lenient, and afterwards gradually abolished the system throughout southern and western Europe. Such, we trust, will be the result of Christian feelings and principles, brought to bear upon this subject, in our own land.

Our decided impression is, that the slaves are *generally speaking*, treated well in regard to food, discipline and attention to their outward comfort. They are not overworked; they have a sufficiency of wholesome food. The punishments inflicted on them, or rather on the indolent and disorderly *among* them, are neither of frequent occurrence, nor of extreme severity; and not being accompanied with any feeling of deep disgrace, produce no permanent suffering. In the transfer of a slave by sale, or in letting out his services by the year, the servant is frequently allowed to find a master for himself, and most owners would scruple to place a domestic under the care of one to whom the individual expressed a decided objection.

The separation of families at the will of their owners is an evil of no uncommon occurrence in the Southern States. And it is an evil which, in our view, would probably before long, be corrected, but for the misdirected, though well-meant, efforts of the immediate abolitionists. This evil is not a necessary part of the slave system, any more than the absolute control of the Roman master over the life of his bondsman. That odious feature has been removed by Christianity; and in our opinion, the principles of Christianity exist in the South in sufficient strength to remove the other evil, if appealed to in a proper manner. But the abolitionists have attempted too much. They strive to change the fundamental institutions of society in the South at once. The Southern people knowing that this is impossible, and if possible, would be ruinous, place themselves in the attitude of conservatism. They will not give up one point, because they are summoned in no gentle terms to give up all. But let the evil, the horrible evil of this one practice be even yet presented before them in a fitting manner, and we have faith enough in human nature to believe that it will not long be permitted, either by the laws, or the moral sense of the Southern community.

Another evil, to which we must advert, is the intellectual and moral degradation of the colored race. Though perpetuated and increased by the slave system, this degradation includes the nominally free colored people, at least in the South. It is obvious, then, that emancipation alone would not at once remove this evil. We believe rather, that, for a time at least, it would increase it. This opinion is grounded on the notorious fact, that the free blacks in the Southern States are less moral, less worthy, generally speaking, than the slaves. We know indeed, honorable exceptions, but few who have resided at the South, will question the general correctness of this statement. And it is perfectly natural that a class unfitted for liberty, no longer feeling the restraint of an owner's authority, yet not admitted to that rank where they would feel the restraint of an enlightened public opinion, should exhibit more looseness of conduct than in their former state of bondage.

How are the evils of slavery to be remedied? Not by immediate emancipation. This would at least double every ill under which the slave suffers. As to his physical treatment, the discipline exercised over him is in general mild, because the *name* of slave, the habit of submission in that character, the long admitted exercise of power by the master, retain him in the fulfilment of his duty. If these be removed suddenly, how shall the ignorant crowd of freed-men be governed? By the whipping-post, the bayonet, and the gallows! No system of police, which could be now devised and put in immediate operation, would be equally energetic, yet equally lenient with that exercised at present. No. When emancipation takes place, let the name of slave, and the magistracy of the proprietor, be the last vestiges of the system to be abolished. And as to the moral interests of the colored people, is it thought these will be advanced by depriving them of the moral restraint to which they are now subject, before they are fitted to appreciate any other?

The evils of slavery must then be remedied, if at all, gradually; by the amelioration of the system,—by voluntary emancipation,—and, above all, by the influence of the Gospel on the hearts both of masters and slaves.

And alike, whether slavery is to continue or to pass away, the duty of providing thorough, rational, and practical *religious instruction* for the colored people is incumbent upon their masters. If freedom is to be their lot, by the principles of the Gospel will they best be prepared for freedom. If they are to remain in bondage, the principles of the Gospel will make them better and more useful servants, will cheer and sustain them in their lowly lot, and keep them from repining at what they must acknowledge as the disposal of Providence, while, in either case, their eternal interests require this care at the hand of those who alone are able to bestow it. Much has already been done in this holy cause. The churches of the South have not been insensible to the claims of the slave poupulation. But much yet remains to be done. While facilities for religious improvement are multiplied, care is to be taken, that, in the influence exerted, the warmth of pious feeling should be accompanied by correct, practical, and simple views of duty. The Christian master should feel that his responsibleness is great. It is not in his power to change by his single will the institutions of his country, but it may be his, by a judicious exertion of the influence he possesses, to aid in modifying and improving those institutions. He is forbidden, not less by the true interest of his domestics than by his own, to resign prematurely that control over them, which implies the duty of protection on his part, no less than that of obedience on theirs; but while he retains the station in which. Providence has placed him, let him remember its calls to exertion and watchfulness.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SUSTAINING THE LAW.

—A discourse delivered in Bowdoin Street Church, on Sunday morning, June 16, 1839.

Society has been called, a perpetual miracle. And truly it does seem little less than miraculous, that vast bodies of passionate, envious, selfish, proud, ambitious men can be kept thickly congregated, with so much peace confidence and security. What an awful ocean of passion, is constantly heaving about us—appetites, desires, energies—which if let loose, are sufficient to desolate a universe. But they are checked, in a good degree restrained, charmed down. In the midst of thousands of fettered demons we walk in peace, sit in quiet, and safely sleep. It seems that nothing less than the constant and pervading control and power of providence can do this. God keeps the city, and he reigns over these fearful elements. He holds and restrains the passions and hearts of men. But occasionally he retires. These checks are removed. His restraining power is withdrawn. Every barrier is thrown down. The ocean bursts its bounds. Earth becomes hell. Every sentiment of justice, mercy, goodness takes its flight. Every thing moral, humane, divine is destroyed.

Our country, however, as yet, to a great extent, has been saved from these fearful visitations, from these awful displays of the infernal energies, that are slumbering in every man's bosom. Infuriated mobs however have walked the streets of nearly all our large cities and done their work. Our fair fame has been tarnished. Our capacity of self government is, in consequence, doubted. We have thrown doubt and suspicion on the safety and stability of republican institutions. We have retarded and enfeebled the cause of freedom through the world. Mobs, under other governments, may be viewed as not very important matters. They have various and vast resources. Their foundations and strong holds are many. The tide of passion meets with powerful obstructions. If one source of authority, for a season, is exhausted, there are other and abundant fountains. If one link is broken the chain remains strong and massive. But it is not so here. We have but one resource—the people. We have but one source of authority—the people. Our government has but one foundation, the will and character of the people. Our chain has but one link. When that is broken all is destroyed. We have no permanent orders, no establishments, no fixtures. We have few of those hereditary prejudices, sympathies and associations, which do so much to preserve the order of society. The past acts but feebly upon us. Respect for law is our only great, pervading, element of conservatism. It is our only stay, hope, shield. It is our sovereign. All our feelings of honor, loyalty, enthusiasm ought to cluster about it. When it is treated with indignity, every citizen should feel himself personally insulted. A million swords should leap from their scabbards, to sustain and vindicate its rights and its majesty. The man, who weakens or attempts to weaken our reverence for the law, is our worst foe. He is a traitor—an incendiary of the fairest and sublimest temple ever reared on earth—the temple of freedom, to which all people are anxiously looking and eagerly flocking. He is dipping his hands in the life blood of nations. He is unbarring the gates of all wretchedness and wickedness. Let the sentiment of respect for the law be greatly diminished among us, and a book of history, blacker and bloodier than has yet been written, will be transmitted to coming generations. We have looked with astonishment and grief and shame on the course pursued by the opponents of the license law. In regard to the wisdom and expediency of this law, we have nothing to say. We do not feel competent to judge. But of such conduct, we do feel competent to judge. And so is every man and every woman, who has learnt the first lesson, which ought to be engraven on every American heart. Men, in respectable places, editors of influential papers, gentlemen of intelligence and wealth, are doing all they can, in every way, to teach and persuade the community to despise and spurn this law, to bring law into contempt, to which they owe their property, their stations, their advantages, their security, their every-social enjoyment and privilege. They are striving to diffuse the most false, preposterous, dangerous notions. Deliberately, combinedly, they set at defiance the authority of the Commonwealth. Thus coolly are they tampering with a sleeping earthquake. It is true some of them say they do not mean the law shall be openly violated. What then do they mean? What other result can they expect? Throw contempt and scorn on a law and you teach people to trample it down. Excite their passions, and refined abstractions are as powerless as moonbeams over them. You may as well preach to a cataract. The French writers did not *mean* to introduce the reign of terror. An injured and indignant people will hold these persons responsible for whatever consequences may come. We do not talk thus because we really have any fears. We have perfect confidence in the good sense and patriotism of our fellow citizens. They cannot, we are certain, be induced to give themselves up to the guidance of a lawless faction. What is the history of the case? The people some years since, began to awake to the evils of intemperance, which were spreading fast and thick and fearful about them. They found that a great portion of our social evils, sprung from this source, poverty, immorality, crime. This hundred-headed beastly god was breathing foul contagion through every fountain of public happiness and prosperity. In some way every home was darkened, every person injured, every heart saddened by it. Thousands, yearly, went down to their graves, in a cloud of infamy. Fathers, mothers, children, sisters, brothers were seen daily in these most sad processions. It was pouring desolation, misery, degradation, death in every direction. They listened, patiently, to discourses, opinions, statements, evidence from all sorts and professions of men. Calmly, slowly they came to the conclusion something must and should be done. After various efforts they passed the law of '38. To avoid all appearance of haste and excitement and to give every man, connected with the traffic, ample time to meet, without loss, its requisitions, they suspend its execution for a year. In the mean time another legislature is chosen with express reference to the law. It refuses to abrogate or modify it. And now what follows? Interested individuals, in some numbers, come out and say the law cannot, must not, shall not be respected. The most virulent and violent abuse is heaped upon it. They resolve the will, the wisdom, the benevolence, the piety of the commonwealth shall be defeated, scoffed and scorned. There can be no doubt, political and pecuniary interest apart, the law would have been easily and quietly executed. And notwithstanding all this opposition and clamor we trust it will be executed. We are called upon, in thrilling tones, by every feeling and consideration, that can move us as citizens, as patriots, as Christians, as men, by the past and the future, by earth and heaven, by conscience, by duty, by dignity, by God, to rise in its support. If we are not vastly mistaken, a spirit is awakening which will compel attention, respect. The friends and the disinterested enemies of the law will unite here—and the disinterested is by far the greater portion. Every man, who loves his country, values social peace, and fears his Maker, will take an uncompromising stand. The question now is not whether this particular law is wise and expedient, but whether law, order, the sovereignty of the people are to be sustained, or violence and anarchy to flow over us. Here is an issue worthy the strenuous efforts, the fervent prayers of all. Which of the gentlemen, before the people, shall be our governor, next year, is comparatively of trifling importance. But whether the first principles of our free government, shall be preserved inviolate, is a problem of vast interest, to every man, woman, and child in our country, to the progress of liberty and civilization through the world, to the unborn millions that are destined to take our places on the earth. Then let every son of Massachusetts, that is conscious of one drop of manly, patriotic blood quickening his pulsations, do his duty frankly, firmly, fearlessly.

Mr Winslow's discourse is just what is needed. It ought to be scattered through every village. We thank and respect him for its publication. It cannot fail to do much good.

CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

The Annual visitation of the Cambridge Theological School, will take place in the University Chapel on *Friday*, the 19th inst. instead of Wednesday, as on previous years. The order of Exercises of the Senior Class, will be furnished in our next.

The first Discourse before the *Alumni* of the School, will be delivered on the afternoon of that day, by Mr Andrews Norton. Services to commence at three o'clock.

INTELLIGENCE.

History of Liberia.—We have received a copy of the History of the American Colonies in Liberia, on the coast of Africa, just published at Washington, by Samuel Wilkinson. It is a narrative of the progress of an enterprise, which seemed in its outset to be somewhat visionary, but which has met with a degree of success which ought not only to encourage and animate its projectors and friends, but to silence its opponents. We cannot say that it may not meet with misfortunes and relapse, but to all appearance the most serious obstacle which it had to encounter, for obtaining a firm footing in Africa, is overcome. That it may meet with difficulties in its future progress, and particularly in its government, is not improbable. But these are difficulties incident to any State of semi-civilized society, and they are not to be regarded as proofs of the impolicy of the colonization system, until it can be shown in what way the same population can be disposed of, without encountering either like difficulties, or others as much to be deprecated. It is not a question whether the colonized Africans shall become a model of a perfect state of society, but whether they will not constitute a society suited more effectually to promote their own happiness, than is their degraded condition when mixed with a white population; and whether even a gradual and partial planting of civilization, on the coast of Africa, may not be productive of benefits beyond that of improving the condition of the individuals who emigrate. So far as the history of this enterprise goes, it tends to give an affirmative answer to the last questions. That the condition of a large portion of the emigrants thus far has been improved there appears to be little reason to doubt, and so far as the recolonization of those people in Africa can have any effect on the character of the population of that country, however gradual and slight it may be it must be, as far as it goes, beneficial.

The first emigration of colored people from the United States to Africa, was made in the year 1815, under the direction, and chiefly at the expense of the celebrated Paul Cuffee, of New Bedford. This was in the year before the Colonization Society was founded. In 1818 this Society sent Messrs. S. J. Mills and Ebenezer Burgess to Africa, by way of England, for the purpose of the necessary information of the establishment of the Colony. It was not until 1820, that the first expedition under the auspices of the Society, consisting of 88 emigrants, sailed from New York. This expedition met with serious disasters, particularly in the death of the Agent. Similar disasters were encountered by succeeding bodies of emigrants, yet the Colony has gradually increased, and it is now said to number over 5000 inhabitants. We cannot give here the history of its growth, but we give, on the authority of the work before us, a brief sketch of its present condition.

Liberia extends along the Western coast of Africa, from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, a distance of 300 miles, and inland from 20 to 50 miles. Parts of this tract of territory, however, are occupied by native tribes. The sea coast is generally sandy, but a short distance inland there is a rich soil, well suited for cultivation. It is generally covered with a heavy growth of timber, among which is the teak, mahogany, camwood, and various other dyewoods. Rice is the staple agricultural product, and good crops of it are obtained with slight cultivation. The sugar cane, and cotton are indigenous products. The principal town is Monrovia, situated on Cape Monrovia, on the Southwest side of Montseado river. The population is said to amount to 1500. The houses mostly frame buildings, with stone basement. There are ten or twelve two story stone dwelling houses, several large warehouses and wharves, three large churches, two school houses, a court house and jail, all of either granite or sand stone. The town covers three square miles. The streets are wide, and cross one another at right angles. The gardens are abundantly supplied with fruit trees, and are handsomely enclosed.

At a distance of four miles from Monrovia is New Georgia, which is settled by recaptured Africans.—The lots are fenced in—the streets are kept clean—the people seem contended and happy—they attend church regularly—and are anxious to have their children educated. There are two churches and two schools. Caldwell, situated on St. Paul's river, has two churches and two schools. The inhabitants are engaged chiefly in farming. Millsburg, situated 12 miles higher on the St. Paul's is an agricultural town, in which are also several plantations of coffee, and sugar cane. There are here two churches, a farm school, and two other schools. The other towns are Marshall, Edina and Bassa Cove. At Cape Palmas is the settlement of Maryland, principal village, Harper. In all the settlements, there are 18 churches, eight Baptist, six Methodist, three Presbyterian, and one Episcopalian, and forty clergymen. Besides preaching in the churches, religious meetings are held weekly in many of the native villages. There are ten day schools in all the settlements, supported generally by education and missionary societies in the United States. The teachers are mostly colored persons. A desire for knowledge prevails throughout the community. A law was passed by Gov. Russworm, that eighteen months after the passing of the act, no officer should hold a commission that could not read and write. There are about thirty white persons in the colony, either connected with the various missionary and education societies, or employed as physicians.—*Boston Adv.*

Interesting Statistics.—The Boston Mercantile Journal condenses from the Christian Review for April the following statistics in regard to the American Baptists.

In 1790, the number of communicants in the Baptist denomination, in the State of New York, did not exceed four thousand. The first church in western New York was formed in 1789. At the present time, the entire number of communicants in the State is 70,825; of which number 48,728 are found in Western New York; that is to say, in other parts of the State occupied by the Baptists in 1790, they have increased in about half a century from 4,000 to 20,000 and a fraction; while a single church in Western New York, consisting of thirty members, has increased to more than *five hundred* churches, numbering in all about 50,000 communicants. This increase is said to be unparalleled in the United States.

The first Baptist Church in Providence is the oldest of that order in the Union, founded in 1699, 240 years ago. The second was formed *fifty years after*, in Lower Dublin, Pa. In 1707 there were but seventeen churches in all the States of which nine were in New England: in 1740, 38—in 1783, 409. The sect now numbers in its communion over half a million of members. There are 611 churches in the State of New York. This great success has been eminently owing to the peculiar character of the first settlers and missionaries of this order in the West. They were sound, stout New England men, mostly. Few of them were much educated, but as the reviewer remarks, 'they were transplanted to this new soil in the meridian of life; where men endowed with uncommon natural abilities; had studied much the word of God and the nature of man; had a deep personal experience in the mysteries of religion; and, in addition to all this, they had a physical education, such as men of literary habits seldom have. They could endure fatigue, hunger, wet and cold; could swim a river, plough through brooks, and mud and sloughs; if night overtook them in the 'woods,' and if forbidden to recline in consequence of the water that covered the surface of the earth, or from fear of wild beasts, they could continue in a moving and a watching posture; and in acts of devotion until the sun again illumined the path; if the roads were impassable to the horse, they could make a journey of thirty miles on foot to fulfil their appointments.'

Execution.—The Pirate, Cornelius Wilhelms, was executed yesterday, at noon, on Ellis's Island, Bellevue, in consequence of a deposition he had made—that Bishop, his keeper at the City Prison, had accepted of a bribe of $500, and furnished him with files to make his escape; and this cold-blooded murderer, who evinced, throughout the whole of his imprisonment, and up to launching into eternity, the most appaling obtuseness of sensibility, and indifference to his fate, pretended that he could not go out of the world without making his disclosure. It is believed to have been a mere subterfuge to gain time, hoping he would be required as evidence, and, therefore, have a short reprieve. Mr. Bishop, however, was arrested, but no one puts any confidence in the convict's accusations against him. At half past eight, A. M., the prisoner was conducted on board the steamboat Hoboken, which had gone to Bellevue for that purpose, and which had on board two companies of United States Marines, under Col. Boon, and also the United States Civil Officers, and several of the press, and other invited persons. On arriving at Ellis's Island, in the bay, he was placed in a room with a clergyman, but exhibited such a horror, and even rancour, at these useless ceremonies, as he called them, that at his express desire, he was conducted to the gallows half an hour before the time intended for the execution, which was one, P. M.

It is unnecessary to detail the expressions that dropped from this unfeeling man's lips, and which indicated an utter absence of every feeling of remorse, or even decency. He never in walk or look manifested the slightest emotion—not even when arrived beneath the gallows, thus evincing the apathy of a brute beast. He said to several around him he was innocent, and a murdered man; that he had killed the captain because he was a hard master; that he was not afraid to die, &c. Finally he complained of thirst, and called for drink. The cup being about to be adjusted, he thrust it aside contemptuously, saying he had no need of it. At length all being prepared, and having drank, he said, 'I'm ready!' He was immediately jerked into eternity, and scarcely made a movement except grasping his hands together for a moment. In thirty minutes he was cut down, and the features exhibited not the slightest distortion, but were rather a mild look. Wilhelms was dressed in blue jacket and roundabout and pumps Even on this distant island in the bay were gathered *six thousand* spectators, and among them many women. The body was too cold when cut down for galvanic experiments, as there is no battery (at least a volatic one) on the island.—*New York Star.*

New Course of Lectures.—At a meeting of gentlemen, friends of common education, at the Room of the American Institute of Instruction, on Tuesday evening, June 18, Hon. Horace Mann was appointed Chairman, and J. F. Bumstead, Secretary.

After fully considering the question of procuring a second course of lectures for teachers similar to those delivered in Tremont Hall, the last year, it was unanimously

Resolved, As the opinion of this meeting, that important benefits were derived from the lectures to teachers, delivered in this city, during the last autumn and winter, and that it is expedient and desirable that a similar course be procured for the current year, to be delivered gratuitously to the teachers of Boston and vicinity.

The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee of Arrangements to carry these views into effect: viz. G. F. Thayer, H. W. Carter, S. G. Howe, Horace Mann, J. H. Abbott, W. D. Ticknor, and J. F. Bumstead.

J. F. Bumstead, Secretary.
Horace Mann, Chairman,

Boston, June, 1839.

The Committee have entered on their duties, and hereby announce, that the first lecture of the abovementioned course, will probably be delivered early in September, particulars of which will be duly published.

J F. Thayer, *Chairman of the Committee.*
June 28th, 1839.

From England.—The steam packet Liverpool, Captain Fayrer, arrived at New York on Sunday afternoon, from the port of Liverpool, which she left on the 13th of June. She brings Liverpool papers to the day of sailing, and London papers to the 12th ult.

There is no news of special importance by this arrival. The commercial news, however, is of a highly favorable description—much better than was anticipated. Cotton has advanced in the face of large importations—and the whole aspect of trade has improved. The British funds were firm, though complaint was made of the scarcity of money and of the high premium it bore. We make the following extracts from the News from papers of the news by this arrival.

The British papers are filled to overflowing with the proceedings of Parliament, though those proceedings can hardly be said to contain much of particular interest to us—excepting the election of a Ministerial Speaker to the House of Commons. Mr Shaw Lefevre, the candidate of the Whig ministry, was elected by a majority of eighteen over his conservative competitor, Mr. Goulbourn. The new speaker is a man of undoubted talents and worth of personal character, and his election is spoken of with respect by the opposite party.

In the House of Commons, on the night of Monday, the 10th, the first clause of the bill for suspending the constitution of Jamaica, was passed by a majority of 34. The other clauses were considered as agreed to with some verbal amendments.

The ratifications of the treaty of peace between the King of Holland and the King of Belgium, were exchanged in London on the 9th of June.

The Thames Tunnel appears to be in a fair way of completion. It is believed that the works will reach low water mark during the present summer. When that point is accomplished, there is no room for doubt as to the final success and permanency of this great national work.

The Chartists appear to have fast lost ground, and to have sunk into political insignificance in consequence of the violent language of the demagogues who assumed to lead them.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed a letter to the Chartists, denouncing the violence manifested by that body, and advised the more peaceable portion of them to separate themselves from the bloody villains who are endeavoring to bring about rebellion.

IMPORTANT TO STAMMERERS.

☞ The Philadelphia Institute for the cure of impediments of speech, will be opened in this city (Boston) for a short time only. Persons afflicted, desirous of availing themselves of its benefits, will please make immediate application. For admission, testimonials of good moral character will be required.

Communications, post paid, addressed to D. F. Newton, Christian Watchman Office, Wilson's lane, over Mechanic's Reading Room, will receive immediate attention. 3t jy6

Receipts for the Register by mail during the past week.

W. P. Huntington, St. Louis, $5.00. E. Chapin, Bernardston, $1.00. W. Ward, Worthington, $6.00. W. Peck, Raleigh, N. C., $5.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Joseph F. Moses to Miss Adeline Lois Moulton, all of this city.

In this city, Mr Albert Knight to Miss Louisa F. Cox; Capt Joseph J. Knapp, of Brooklyn, L. I. to Miss Lydia F. King, of Boston.

In Quincy, on Thursday evening, by Rev Mr Whitney, Jeffrey Richardson, Esq. of this city, to Miss Julia L. Brackett.

In Westford, 19th ult. Dr Theodore Wells to Miss Sarah E. C. Peabody.

DEATHS.

In this city, Monday morning, Margaret Ellen, only child of Leopold and Margaret D. Herman, 3 years.

In Milton, July 1, Dr. Samuel P. Glover, a surgeon in the revolutionary army, 86.

At Philadelphia, 27th ult. Mrs Sarah, relict of the late Capt Robert Williams, of this city, 57.

At Marion, Me, 1st ult. Mr Jacob Crosby, 70, a native of Billerica, Mass.

At Washington, Mrs Winifred Gales, consort of Joseph Gales Esq. of W. (late of N. Carolina.) A correspondent of this paper, writing from Raleigh, the former residence of Mrs G. says, in reference to Mrs G.'s death—

Forty years I have been well acquainted with this Lady, as well as with her excelent husband, my particular friend, to whom the loss must be a severe affliction. This I feel to be another admonition to myself, to be 'also ready.'

MEANS AND ENDS, 3d edition.—Means and Ends, or Self-Training, by the author of Redwood, Home, Rich Poor Man, &c. More than 3000 copies of this excellent little work have already been sold.

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. jy6

A WINTER IN THE WEST INDIES and Florida, containing general observations upon modes of traveling, manners and customs, &c., with a particular description of Havana, St Augustine, &c, as places of resort for Invalids. By an Invalid.

Just published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st jy6

COLLECTION OF VOYAGES.—A new collection of Voyages, Discoveries and Travels: containing whatever is worthy of notice in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, in respect to the situation and extent of Empires, Kingdoms and Provinces, their Climate, Soil, Produce, &c, with the manners and customs of the several inhabitants, their Government, Religion, &c. The whole consisting of such English and Foreign authors as are in most esteem, including the description and remarks of some late celebrated Travellers, not to be found in any other collection—complete in 7 vols. Just received by

C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN,
jy6 112 Washington st.

MCCULLOCH'S COMMERCIAL DICTIONARY.—A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, illustrated with maps and plans. by J.R. McCulloch, Esq—a new edition, corrected and improved, with an enlarged supplement, and bringing down the information contained in the work to January, 1839—1 vol 8vo.

Just received, and for sale by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, 112 Washington street. jy6

WITH FIFTEEN THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS. The Lady's Book begins a new volume in July, which the publishers will commence with 20,000 copies, a very large number having been disappointed in obtaining the Nos. of the Volume just completed. *Five thousand* names have been added since January, and the publishers have been unable to supply orders for several hundred besides. Published for N. England, by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
Jy6 121 Washington st.

NEW BOOK FOR LADIES. ART OF DRESS—containing Correct Taste, Color, Hair, Caps and Bonnets, Frills, Necklaces, &c; Gown, Bustle, Stockings, Shoes, Gloves, Shawl, Cloak, Cosmetics, Hair Oil-Depilatives, &c &c. For sale by

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MASON'S CHALLENGE BLACKING.

THE Manufacturer of this article returns his acknowledgements to merchants and Dealers generally for the liberal support he has hitherto enjoyed. He begs to assure them that he will make every effort to deserve their future favors.

The Challenge Blacking is now in daily use throughout the United States, and the Manufacturer feels great satisfaction in being able to say, on the authority of disinterested merchants, that its claims are superior to anything they have seen of the kind.

Manufactory No. 95 Callowhill street, Philadelphia—a few doors below Third, north side.

For sale in Boston, by Harrington & Fisk, 48 Congress street. jy6

SITUATION FOR A LAD IN THE COUNTRY. A situation is wanted for a Lad of 15 years old in the family of some gentleman in the country, where he could be instructed in some of the high branches of an English Education. A family in which there are no (or at most but few) other scholars, would be preferred; and an arrangement by which he could be employed a part of the time in working on a farm or garden, would still further meet the views of the advertiser. A line directed H. O. and sent to this office by mail or otherwise will be immediately attended to. Je. 22.

LIBRARY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

ALL persons, who have books belonging to the Library of the university, are, by law, requested to return them *before* or *on* Wednesday the 26th instant.

The Library will be re-opened for the use of books on Monday, July the 22nd, between the hours of 9 and 12, A. M. T. W. HARRIS, *Librarian.*
Cambridge, June 6, 1839.

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE GIFT.

'Twas not a fading wreath of summer flowers,
To deck the brow, and shed its balmy breath
For one short hour, then melt and disappear,
Like the light clouds that vanish silently
Before the beams of morn; 'twas not a gem
Bright from its mountain home, like starry lights
That glisten in the diadem of kings:
'Twas not a pearl, pure from its wave-lit cave;
Ah no! nor mine, nor ocean's depths, may yield
So rich, so bright a gift.
It beamed with light,
Drawn from the crystal fount of Heavenly love.
It poured a golden flood, to guide the heart
That oft would stray from the celestial path,
And wander in the darksome maze, where beams
No glory from the gates of Heaven.
It came,
A panoply wherewith to gird the soul
In dark temptation's hour, and raised the veil
That hides the slumbering heart, e'en from itself.
No zephyrs played amid its foliage,
To waft its fragrance forth—but, like the dew
Of Hermon, it refreshed, unseen, unheard,
Where'er it fell. It pointed to the high
And holy mark of Heavenly truth, unfurled
The banner of the Christian cause, and bade
The spirit gird its bright'ning armor on,
Trusting in God.
And, there was one who took the offering,
And fervent was the prayer that trembled on
Her heart, that the rich treasure might not waste
Its pearly dews, upon a barren soil.
She prayed that it might be a Lamp, to guard
To the blest haven of eternal rest;
A guiding star, no cloud could dim, no storm
Could overcast.
She prayed too, it might lead
Her soul, to quench its thirst at the pure fount
Of life, and make its food, the manna of
Celestial truth. She prayed that thus be shown,
The gratitude the lips forbear to speak.—
In bright ethereal worlds, rests the reward
Of every Christian deed.
The bread, upon
The waters cast, is thither wafted by
The breath of angels; and when the golden
Portals gently are thrown back, to welcome
The freed spirit to its home forever,
Then may the giver find that bread reserved
In amaranthine purity, a living food
That ne'er can fail to satisfy and bless.

[From the Ladies' Companion for May.]

THE SAILOR.

Ho! dwellers on the stable land,
Of dangers what know ye,
Like us who boldly brave the surge,
Or trust the treacherous sea?

The fair trees shade you from the sun,
You see the harvests grow,
And catch the fragrance of the breeze
When the first roses blow.

While high amid the slippery shroud,
We make our midnight path,
And e'en the strongest mast is bowed
'Neath the wild tempest's wrath.

You slumber on your couch of down,
In chambers safe and warm,
Lulled only to a deeper dream
By the descending storm.

But yet, what know ye of the joy
That lights our ocean-strife,
When on its way our gallant bark
Rides like a thing of life—

When gaily toward the wished for port
With favoring gale we stand—
Or first your misty line descry,
Hills of our native land?

But yet, there's peril in our path,
Beyond the wrecking blast;
A peril that may whelm the soul
When life's short voyage is past.

Send us your Bibles, when we go
To dare the threatening wave;
Your men of prayer—to teach us how
To meet a watery grave.

And Saviour—thou, whose feet sublime,
The foaming surge did tread,
Whose hand, the rash disciple drew,
From darkness and the dead—

Oh, be our Ark, when floods descend,
When thunders shake the spheres—
Our Ararat, when tempests end,
And the green earth appears!

L. H. S.

HOW WELL!

'After I had put her into the grave, the rest went away. I stood looking in. Every body had lamented, and said 'how sad!' I, though I cannot now write for tears, looked in again, and said, '*How well!*'—CECIL.

It is a grave within the bound
Of a village burial ground;
The turf hath all been pared away,
The earth is largely heaped beside,
And there the spade and mattock lay
Just waiting for the close of day,
And the bell is booming wide.

And now they come, the solemn train,
And the mourners' tears gush forth again
To hear the deepening sound
Of the heaving bell from the turret thrown,
The tower and the turret of pale grey stone
'Mid that small burial ground.

The surpliced priest the corpse hath met,
And the first words he readeth yet
In all their deep solemnity,
As he paceth up the antique aisle,
And his face is bright with a heavenly smile,
A smile of sanctity.

The holy service hath been said,
And now they bear the sainted dead
To that still place of rest
In which no bitterness can spring,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
The still, unpanting breast.

The mourners all have turned to go
From the grave of rest to the house of wo,
In robes of sorrow clad;
But each o'er the tomb hath heaved a sigh,
And wiped the tear-drop from his eye
As he murmured out—how sad!

And there the pastor stands alone
Upon the neighboring burial-stone,
And mid the bosom's swell,
From earth to heaven he lifts his eyes,
From the open grave to the deep blue skies,
And he cries, with faith, 'how well!'

Episcopal Recorder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Colonial Churchman.]

FATAL PRESUMPTION.

I found so much instruction and interest from the perusal of the following affecting narrative, that I feel persuaded that many of your readers will bid it welcome to your pages. The person who narrated it to the traveller, was himself a mournful witness of this sad tragedy: and added that anxious effort to recover the bodies of the presumptuous Englishmen, proved abortive. Would that they had remembered the injunction—'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!' H.

An account of two Englishmen who were swallowed up in the Falls of the Rhine.

When I passed through *Lauffenburg*, I left my carriage and walked over the bridge in company with a man of that place, who, seeing me look with great attention at the Rhine foaming through the arches over a bed of rocks, said to me, pointing with his hand to a sharp angle—'There the two *English lords were swallowed up.*' This was in fact the place where a few months ago, Lord M—and Mr. B—made so deplorable an end.

When one sees the rapid and deep course of the Rhine at this place, dashing its water through a narrow bed of rocks, presenting for three hundred yards acute and sharp winding angles, it is not easy to believe that so desperate an attempt would have been hazarded as that which cost those unfortunate young men their lives. They were travellers; the beauty of the country tempted them to stop for a few days at Lauffenburg. The novelty and danger of this unattempted navigation, excited in them the wish to do what other people deemed impossible.

The moment their idea was known it was strongly opposed; and the opposition only served to confirm them in their purpose. They proceeded, however, with some caution. They first put an empty boat into the stream, and unfortunately for them, and incredible as it appeared to the spectators who had crowded both sides of the Rhine, to see this experiment, the boat went through undamaged. This success, achieved in the presence of five hundred people, was a spur to the foolish pride of the two young Englishmen, who thought that they could not now relinquish the scheme without being laughed at. A second boat was prepared, and the next morning appointed for the experiment.

Deputations were sent to them from the magistrates, who strongly remonstrated against the guilty madness of the enterprise, but without effect. Next came some of the clergy to warn them against perdition, and to prophesy certain death; their efforts were equally unsuccessful; and on the appointed morning they sallied forth, both dressed in white waistcoats without coats and slippers. They gave their money and watches to their servants: they knew therefore that there was a great chance of death.

Mr. B—went to the boat with a heavy heart, and even said he would not go, and remonstrated with Lord M—; but his lordship jumped into the boat, and said he would go alone; on which poor Mr. B—, unwilling to leave his friend, went in after him. They pushed off. They had each a long pole, with which they hoped to keep the boat clear of the rocks. On both shores stood an overawed multitude, some crying, all vociferating entreaties to desist, and not to rush into eternity.

It was now *too late*; no human strength could have stopped the boat when once it had got into the rapid current. To the amazement of the trembling spectators, they went unhurt over the first breakers, and, rushing into the foaming torrent, evaded the first threatening angle. Life was then for a few seconds once more in their power. They might have jumped on the rocks, from which they were not more than three or four feet distant. The people on the shore screamed out to them to do it; instead of which, elated with this momentary success, they huzzaed, and waved their hats.

Alas! blind unfortunate youths! that salute was a last farewell to this world: they were just plunging into eternity. With the swiftness of an arrow they were carried to a tremendous vortex: their boat was instantly overset: they struggled for a short time against the roaring billows, swam even the space of two hundred yards on their backs, calling out for help and mercy. No help could be given—the multitude gazed on them as they passed, and saw them swallowed up—never to appear again! —*From the Journal of a traveller through Switzerland, in* 1794.

THE LAST OF THE MAMELUKES.

The pasha of Egypt, I believe in 1818, assembled together the whole corps of Mamelukes, as if for a feast; and having secured all egress except a steep and precipitous ascent over the sides of the elevation, (the platform of the citadel,) he destroyed them with cannon and musketry. They came according to custom, in their richest costume with their finest arms, and bearing about them all their wealth. At a signal given by the pasha, death burst forth on all sides. Crossing and enfilading batteries poured forth their flame and iron; and men and horses were at once weltering in blood. Many precipitated themselves from the summit of the citadel, and were destroyed in the abyss. Two, however, recovered themselves. At the first shock of the concussion, both horses and riders were stunned; they trembled for an instant, like equestrian statutes shaken by an earthquake, and then darted off with rapidity of lightning; they passed the nearest gate, which, fortunately, was not closed, and found themselves out of Cairo. One of the fugitives took the road to El Aziah, the other darted up the mountains; the pursuers divided, one half following each.

It was a fearful thing, that race for life and death! The steeds of the desert let loose on the mountains, bounded from rock to rock, forded torrents, flew along the edge of precipices. Three times the horse of one Mumeluke fell breathless; three times hearing the tramp of the pursuers, he arose and renewed his flight. He fell at length not to rise again. His mas- exhibited a touching instance of reciprocal fidelity; instead of gliding down the rock into some defile, or gaining a peak inaccessible to cavalry, he seated himself by the side of his courser, threw the bridle over his arm, and waited the arrival of his executioners. They came up, and he fell beneath a score of sabres, without a motion of resistance, a word of complaint, or a prayer for mercy. The other Mameluke, more fortunate than his companion, traversed El Arich, gained the desert, escaped unhurt, and in time became the governor of Jerusalem, where, at a later date, I had the pleasure to see him—the last only remnant of that redoubtable corps, which, thirty years ago, rivalled in courage, though not in fortune, the elite of Napoleon's army.'—*Dumas's impressions of Travel in Egypt, &c.*

The following pleasing story appears as an episode in 'Isabel or Sicily,' a work by Henry Tuckerman, just published by Lea & Blanchard:

THE SECOND COURTSHIP.

'The former proprietor of this villa was a most elegant and interesting man. In his youth he had passed several years in Great Britain, and returned to his native city at the period when the English had possession of the island. As he spoke their language perfectly, and was an intelligent and agreeable companion, there was no Sicilian more frequently to be found in their circles, or one who was more deservedly popular among them. At that time there was residing in Palermo, the ward of an English officer committed to his care by her father, an old friend who died many years previous in England. Caroline Walter was not only beautiful, but so fascinating in her manners, that she was the object of universal admiration. To the extreme mortification of many of her countrymen she received without displeasure the marked attentions of Palma, the inheritor of this beautiful domain. They were, in truth, admirably fitted for each other. His chief fault was an impetuosity of feeling, which sometimes urged him into acts of foolish precipitancy; but in mind and principle he was infinitely superior to the generality of his countrymen, and it was the virtues of Caroline Walter not less than her personal graces which had won his heart. You are aware of the inveterate prejudice which the English entertain towards foreigners; and you must have perceived how strongly it is cherished in the case of the Sicilians. There are, indeed discrepancies of temperament and character between the two people to account for, if not to justify some degree of such a feeling, and the want of education and moral degradation too prevalent among the inhabitants of this island, is sufficient to explain the little favor they find in the eyes of one of the most enlightened nations of the earth. But this, like all other prejudices, is too indiscriminate, and therefore, unworthy of being entertained by any liberal or philosophical mind.—The known virtues of Palma did not weigh with the friends of Caroline Walter. She was assailed on every side and in every manner to induce her to renounce her lover, because he was a Sicilian, but it was in vain. She could not appreciate the argument; and having found him honorable, gifted, and especially possessed of tastes and sentiments according with her own, she hesitated not to reciprocate his ardent and disinterested attachment. After their marriage, they were for a short time absent upon the continent, and then returned hither and established themselves at this villa. The sight of their domestic enjoyment re-awakened disappointment in the breast of some of the young English officers, and there were two of them especially, who resolved, if possible, to disturb the happiness which they had not the magnanimity to rejoice in. How to sow the seeds of discord where harmony was so complete was a question they could not easily solve. To attempt to impair the confidence of the wife they knew would be in vain, and, moreover, there was a dignity and independent superiority in her character which awed them into silent respect. Unfortunately, they were aware of the weakness of Palma, and upon this they determined to play. Industriously circulating reports that his wife repented of her connection, they took measures that not a day should pass but some insinuation reached his ears calculated to excite that jealousy which belongs to the Sicilian temperament. For a long time these rumors affected him not. He knew the propensity of his countrymen for scandal; and, if for a moment, a doubt darkened his mind, one glimpse at the ingenuous and noble countenance of his lovely wife, or a single tone of her sweet welcome, dispelled it in a moment. One day, however, when several English officers, and among them the two hypocrites, were dining here, one of them, after the repast, took Palma aside, and after extorting many promises of secresy, and making innumerable professions of friendship, like a second Iago, advised him to watch narrowly lest his domestic peace was invaded. This ambiguous warning conveyed thus solemnly, alarmed Palma. He returned thoughtfully towards the house. Caroline's joyous laugh reached his ear. For the first time there was something unmusical in it. He raised his eyes to yonder terrace and saw her promenading, and apparently in the pleasantest conversation with the accomplice of him, who had just poisoned his ear, and who no sooner caught a glimpse of his host than he threw into his manner as great an air of confidence and familiarity as possible. This little incident, though of no importance in itself, served to irritate Palma into a fit of jealous musing.—Surmises, as baseless as air, were brooded over till they grew into positive doubts beneath the fructifying influence of a southern imagination. And when the visitors had departed, in a moment of passsion, he appeared before his astonished wife, and charged her with having deceived and lost all affection for him, if, indeed she ever had any, rushed from her presence, drove rapidly to town, and embarked that very evening, in a steam-packet for Malta. Mount Pelegrino had not faded from his sight, before he regretted the step he had taken. His self-reproaches were increased to agony, when an acquaintance, one of his fellow passengers, after warmly eulogizing his wife, began to praise his forbearance towards those who endeavored to mar his happiness to gratify their spleen. All at once he saw his error and mourned over his precipitancy. In three days he returned to Palermo, and sought his retreat where his injured wife was secluded. He longed to throw himself at her feet and demand forgiveness, but so great was his mortification, and so unpardonable in his own eyes seemed his conduct, that he had not the courage to approach her. He remembered the sad look of silent yet eloquent reproach with which she gazed upon him as he left her presence. He recalled the pride of her character and dreaded the effect of his weak and violent behavior. He knew not but her esteem had gone from him forever. In this state of indecision and perplexity he remained for several days in the neighborhood. One afternoon, towards dusk, he approached the house, and saw Caroline seated near the window, but as he drew near she abruptly left the spot. He believed she had recognised, and thus purposely avoided him. The next evening he again approached. She was in the same place, and half-rose as he drew near, but perceiving him pass the door, she remained and formally returned his proffered recognition. His impression then was that she thought him insane. In short, I cannot tell you by what gradual steps he progressed towards a reconciliation. No lover for the first time delicately shaping his way to the heart of his mistress, could have acted more timidly, or been more tremblingly alive to every faint indication of success. It was, in truth, a second courtship. At last, one lovely evening, such as this, he threw off the cloak which had hitherto concealed him from observation, and entering that grove just opposite his wife's balcony, began to sing several of her favorite airs in a feigned voice. There lived in the neighborhood an old blind man who had frequently amused them in this manner, and he knew she would come to the terrace to throw him the customary gratuity. After a short time he heard the window open and saw her step forth into the moonlight. It was the first time he had seen her distinctly since their separation. She was paler than usual, and a sad expression mellowed into pensive beauty the spirited loveliness of her countenance She leaned over the rail, and seemed about to call the unseen vocalist, when he, anticipating her purpose, slightly softening his voice, commenced an Italian air which they had often sang together. The half-uttered word died on her lips, she stood still and listened, and presently, as if overcome by the associations thus awakened, the tears fell thick and fast from her eyes. The repentant husband saw that the favorable opportunity had arrived. He suddenly paused and struck at once, with his natural voice, into a little English song of his own composition, with which he had serenaded her on the night when they first exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. At the first tone of that well-known voice she started, and turned towards the open window, but as the feeling notes rolled on, she paused as if entranced, and as the last stanza was concluded, he sprang from his concealment, and was on the terrace and at her feet in a moment. He was forgiven. And the stream of affection thus temporarily divided, re-united with a new force and a more gladsome murmur, and flows on in rich and fertilizing beauty to this hour.'

PROFITS OF AUTHORS IN ENGLAND.

Mr Tegg, the bookseller, of London, has published a letter in answer to Sergeant Talfourd's copyright Bill now before Parliament. The design of the Bill, is to secure to authors a greater share of profit from their works than they now enjoy. Mr Tegg's letter attempts to show that the profits of authorship are already sufficiently large, and he exhibits some interesting statistics of the book-making and book-selling trade, which certainly bear him out in many of his positions.—The most successful publications, in the money-making way, are the following:

Charles James Fox's Fragments of English History, which was sold to the publishers for 5000 guineas.	
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But all the above, of course, are surpassed by Sir Walter Scott, who received for his numerous writings above £250,000 sterling, or about a million two hundred thousand dollars! The Life of Napoleon brought him 28,000 pounds!

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